The Nation.

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The Week.

As we go to press, peace still hangs in the balance at Portsmouth, owing to the Japanese claim which we have elsewhere argued to be unwarrantable. Upon a deadlock, the President has once more stepped upon the scene as *deus ex machina*. "You refuse," he is reported in effect to have said to Russia, "to surrender Saghalien, to pay indemnity. Never mind. Saghalien is, you must admit, in *de facto* possession of the enemy. Now let Japan weight that counter in the adjustment as heavily as she will, on condition of restoring the island. The total payment on this account may prove to just about equal that of the indemnity, when both sides should be satisfied. If not, ho for arbitration on the proper sum." Happy thought!

In the Czar's proclamation of a Russian National Assembly, we witness merely the natural and inevitable result of the political forces which have long been at work in Russia. They have come to this expression sooner than they would have done but for the great break-up due to the war, but they were bound to come one day. Self-sufficient autocracy is passing away. The governed are to have something to say about the government. It is easy, of course, to point out how far the Czar's proposals are from full representative government. The people are to elect delegates, but the latter, so far as now appears, are to have only a sort of consultative and veto power. But it is the beginnings which count in political revolutions. The first step once taken, the others follow. It is obvious that the Russians themselves regard the Czar's manifesto as their induction into the methods of free government. In spite of Tolstoy's mystical warnings, they are tasting liberty and finding that it is good. That the process of passing from the old to the new régime should be slow, is probably best. Sir Donald Wallace has forcibly insisted upon the need for some sort of interregnum between autocracy and constitutionalism. This makeshift Assembly may provide it. And when we are tempted to think the old order too long in passing, let us remember, as Villari reminds us, that the English Revolution was forty-nine years in coming full, that the French lasted from 1789 to 1815 (or 1871), and that of Italy from 1821 to 1870.

Speaker Cannon has been able to obtain only the vaguest idea of what was done at the reciprocity conference in Chicago. "They had a conference on something," he says, but what did it amount to? Nobody of importance was there—that is, no eminent stand-patter. Of course, Gov. Cummins and ex-Senator Harris of Kansas attended, but they must be indulged in little fancies like that. Eugene Foss of Boston was present to tell of the strenuous work of Senator Lodge for reciprocity; but Foss is merely another crank. Douglas was made Governor of Massachusetts on a platform demanding freer reciprocal relations with Canada, but, of course, Mr. Cannon is not concerned about that. It is doubtful, also, whether the Speaker ever heard of Gov. Elrod of South Dakota, who now joins Gov. Cummins as a disciple of the "Iowa idea." "I am a protectionist," he declares, "but such a protectionist as those at the Chicago Convention. . . . I believe in a protection which means ultimate free trade." He sees no other result of any successful policy of international trading, and thinks that the tariff schedules must be modified at once to meet new conditions. Perhaps Mr. Cannon will be surprised to learn that Gov. Elrod was the candidate of the "old" Republican organization against a "radical" party man, and that tariff insanity is not supposed to run in the family.

Mr. Foss did well to expose at the Chicago Reciprocity Convention what he called the "bunco game" which Senator Lodge played upon Boston business men. The latter sought out the Senator in Washington, and got from him profuse pledges of assistance in the matter of the Newfoundland reciprocity treaty. Later, however, they called upon Secretary Hay, who "mildly intimated his surprise at the confidence the committee reposed in the good intentions of Senator Lodge." Mr. Hay was not so easily fooled. He had accurate information, and knew who was doing his reciprocity treaties to death. The late Secretary had a pretty talent for sarcasm, and, if we are not misinformed, used often to exercise it at Lodge's expense. Indeed, his "surprise" at any one's being taken in by that gentleman was not always "mildly intimated." Those who have heard him discourse on Lodge's heroic defence of the makers of bogus jewelry, know what a provocative to laughter—and to scorn—was lost to the world through his remarks being private.

Having failed in its efforts to induce the Cuban Government to pass a bill to admit American rice on more favorable terms, we hope the Administration at Washington will lend no countenance to the wild talk about this being a deathblow to Cuban reciprocity, if not to Cuban independence. The Cuban Congress was entirely within its rights. Our Congress would certainly look queer in railing at it for refusing to reduce customs duties. President Palma, too, was acting as a Constitutional Executive when he declined to put pressure upon the Congress of Cuba in order to get the bill passed. It is even stated that, in addition to the urgency of our Minister, Mr. Roosevelt himself wrote Palma a letter urging the passage of the bill. The Cuban President might have replied that, in Havana as in Washington, it was sometimes impossible for the Executive to make Congress do as it was bid. Anyhow, it is no case for reproaches, much less threats. The self-governing Cubans have done what they thought was for their best good. Let not the result be to restore Borrow's old picture of "insolent Yankees swaggering at the Havannah; with the air of saying that they would come and take the country when they got ready."

It seems to be taken for granted that there will be Federal control of insurance simply because Senator Dryden, representing New Jersey and the Prudential, urged it upon the President last week, and Mr. Roosevelt did not say him nay. But there are several lions in the way. One of them is the Constitution, as interpreted by several decisions of the Supreme Court. They have denied the power of the United States to interfere with insurance companies chartered by a State. The President's own Commissioner of Corporations, Mr. Garfield, in his report of last December, specifically declared that "the decisions of our courts regarding insurance" make it highly doubtful if Federal regulation would be legal. Even Senator Dryden admits that the weight of judicial opinion is heavily against his bill, but he thinks there is "an even chance" that the Supreme Court might be induced to reverse itself. He reports the President as willing to approve the bill and throw the matter into the courts. Thus we see what a mistake Mr. Bryce made in excluding the Constitution of the United States from his classification of "flexible" Constitutions. The correct theory is that it can be flexed "while you wait."

President Roosevelt felicitously expressed his obligation to the banner Republican State when he remarked that he had 500,000 reasons for esteeming Pennsylvania. It is painful to report that 60,000 of those reasons were worse than

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null and void. The second canvass of the registration lists in Philadelphia brings the number of fraudulent names up to 60,083, or more than one in seven of the voters listed last fall. This amazing total fully confirms every charge made by those "slanderers of Philadelphia's fair fame" whom the city so long refused to listen to. The first canvass made by the police brought to light only 31,749 illegal voters, the second added 28,334, and changed the totals in all but twelve wards. Thereupon, the utterly discredited Republican City Committee comes to the front again with the bland assurance that it will take the work in hand now, and outdo all others in purging the registration lists. As the Republican *Press* remarks, this will mean "plenty of work for the leaders. James P. McNichol will have to show that there are more than 4,000 fraudulent entries on the voting lists of the Tenth Ward; 'Charlie' Seger will have to beat the 3,000 record of the Seventh, and Sheriff Miles will have to do better than 3,700 for the Thirteenth, etc." How many of the names stricken out were real "phantoms," pet dogs or canary birds, the lists as now published do not show. "Removed," "never lived there," "not citizens," "no such number," "dead," and "not known," do not tell the whole story. Yet the difficulty of making the test is shown by the number of dismissals from the police force for neglect of duty and disobedience while it was in progress, and the number now awaiting trial, which is larger than ever before in the history of the city. But Philadelphia's history contains few events more important than this wholesale disinfection of the electorate.

Of all paradoxical ways of accounting for the final downfall of J. Edward Addicks, the most extraordinary is to say, as the Delaware dispatches do, that he has "lost the support of the Union Republican organization"—as if the Union Republicans ever had any other aim or object than the support of Addicks, and there remains any reason for the existence of their organization now that he is "down and out." As well say that the Protective Tariff League has lost its interest in the Dingley bill, or that the Society for Foreign Missions will no longer try to spread the gospel. When an association is formed for one and only one specific purpose, and it abandons that purpose, it is, to all intents and purposes, dead. Addicks, of course, may continue his "great campaigning" from now till doomsday; the only argument which ever won a vote for him is no longer available, now that the sheriff is levying on his property. The really interesting question about Delaware politics remains. The two Republican wings will now flap together, we are told, and Delaware will have two Republican Senators—if the Democrats do not capture the Legislature. But what will the voters do at the next election if nobody is prepared to buy them? Habits of years are hard to break.

The lower branch of the Georgia Legislature, by a vote of 106 to 6, has passed a bill which abolishes the battalion of negro troops in the State militia. It is expected that the Senate will also pass the measure, and that Gov. Terrell will approve it. The discussion in the House indicated the strength of the colorphobists in Georgia. Mr. Land, the author of the bill, said that, under the Dick National Militia law, it might conceivably become necessary for white troops to associate with negro troops, and that "the easiest way to get rid of the question was to muster out the negro troops." Mr. Wright was more direct. He was opposed to giving any negro officer the chance to outrank a white officer under any circumstances. Mr. Felder favored the bill because the existence of negro troops in the State "kept white boys from entering the military service." Representative Hall, one of the six who opposed the measure, pointed out the danger of the State's losing the annual Federal appropriation of $25,000 if the colored troops were mustered out simply because of their color. Further, he said that these negro soldiers had in no instance failed to come up to the standard in efficiency and conduct, and that there was not the remotest danger that they would ever be put into white regiments. Mr. Stovall supported Mr. Hall in the statement that the negro troops were made up of the best of their race in the State. But the bogie of "equality," once raised, sent the bill through with a rapidity and unanimity that should have pleased even the Rev. Thomas Dixon, jr.

In the anthracite war of 1902, the price of peace was advanced by the consumer of anthracite coal in the form of higher prices for that kind of fuel. It is some compensation to learn that the three-year treaty of peace concluded between operators and miners has worked well. It is not reassuring to remember, however, that the labor agitator who lives on trouble is pointing significantly to the date—March, 1906. Before that time comes, it is to be hoped that arrangements may be made to continue the present *modus vivendi*. The axis of the present agreement is the Board of Conciliation. This body consists of six members, three representing the miners and an equal number the operators. The anthracite region is divided into three districts, and in each district a representative of the majority of the workers, who *ipso facto* is a union leader, is chosen to the Board. Before the Board of Conciliation considers a complaint, it exacts evidence that the parties litigant have first tried to settle the difficulty between themselves. Failing such settlement, the Board hears and passes on the complaint, referring all tie votes to a referee, Mr. Neill, United States Commissioner of Labor. The Board also declines to act on a complaint in case of a strike or lockout while the case is pending. Since June, 1903, there have been 141 grievances filed, 10 by the operators and the remainder by the workers. Of these complaints, 19 were wholly and 3 partially sustained, while 11 were mutually settled, and 3 were compromised. Of the remainder, 28 were not sustained, and 46 were withdrawn, while the other 31 cases are pending. In only 17 cases did a deadlock ensue which required an appeal to the referee. The tribunal in question has apparently prevented sudden interruptions of mining, and has brought a large measure of tranquillity and prosperity to the anthracite district. Its benefits have been too pervasive to be forgotten, and any interruption of industrial peace by agitation for a universal eight-hour day or further exclusive recognition of union miners would be a public misfortune.

A recent Census Bulletin confirms the long-established fact of a progressive decline in the natural growth of population in the United States. As early as 1820 the tendency towards a slackened rate of increase was noticed. The same tendency is operative in Great Britain, and normally follows a progressive rise in the economic standard of living. Professor Wilcox, who analyzes the census data in the recent Bulletin, points out that the exact birth-rate for the United States is not known; yet he regards the proportion of children to the total population, and especially to the women of child-bearing age, as "an approximately accurate and significant clue" to the natural growth of population. Since 1860 the ratio of children to women of child-bearing age has shown a decrease with every decennial census. For children under five years of age, the decline in the ratio between 1860 and 1900 has been from 634 to 474. (It is noteworthy that between 1890 and 1900 not a single State in the North Atlantic division took part in the decrease.) Among the negro population also the proportion of children is far less in 1900 than in 1880. Confirmation of the general theory that the decline in the birth-rate is consequent upon a rising standard of living, is the newly attested fact of the larger families born to mothers of foreign stock, the difference being almost two to one in their favor as compared with native Americans.

It is fortunate that the court of inquiry was able to determine so precisely the cause of the terrible explosion

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on the *Bennington*. We have here no insoluble mystery. One of the boilers was ignorantly and recklessly handled and blew up, that was all. But the disaster cost the navy more men killed than did the entire war with Spain. Of the men immediately responsible, all are dead. Yet the court very properly brings home the ultimate responsibility to the young ensign, C. T. Wade, who neglected to check off the work of his careless subordinates, did not make the tests of the safety of valves and boilers required by the navy regulations, and in general showed himself "negligent in the performance of his duty." The court of inquiry, therefore, recommends that he be tried by a general court-martial. This is well. In no other way can discipline in the navy be maintained. Yet it is undeniable that other questions lie behind. Responsibility for the *Bennington* calamity has to be pushed still further back. Who was responsible for placing this young and incompetent officer in charge of the *Bennington's* engineering? Has the amalgamation of line and staff so depleted the numbers of competent engineers that the Department has no recourse except to entrust costly machinery and invaluable lives to ill-trained men? That is the large question which presses upon Secretary Bonaparte for inquiry and report; and unless and until it be seriously considered, the lesson of the *Bennington's* long list of dead will not have been taken to heart.

Assistant Secretary Loomis admits that he is to resign; but he adds that he is to "go abroad"—that is, to have a diplomatic appointment—or, at least, that he "hopes" to do so. The trifling formality of the President's acquiescing does not present itself to Mr. Loomis's mind as an obstacle. He is only concerned about the exact country where he is to be sent. It certainly ought to be a land where the people cannot read. Any nation whose citizens are able to understand the true bearings of Secretary Taft's report on Loomis could not but feel insulted to have such a man sent to it as minister. And possibly even President Roosevelt will at last get tired of hearing Mr. Loomis announce himself as indispensable to the public service.

President Roosevelt's recent exposition of the Monroe Doctrine at Chautauqua is received in South America with evident annoyance. The *Prensa*, an influential journal at Buenos Ayres, reflects the sentiments of the progressive, self-respecting republics in our Southern Hemisphere. Their feelings are similar to the indignation an honest, law-abiding citizen would express if he were notified to pay his debts by a roistering and fighting frequenter of the village tavern. Of the imaginary evil which the President mentions, viz., European interference in America, the *Prensa* quietly says there is "not the slightest danger." Nor does that journal fail to point out how far the Roosevelt formula departs from the Monroe Doctrine. "President Monroe only stated that the United States would not tolerate European territorial conquests, while Mr. Roosevelt assumes it to be a duty to compel South American nations to fulfil their obligations." These ungrateful South Americans also repudiate their ever having recognized the "Doctrine" in any guise, and this unilateral exposition of its contents they pronounce not only unwarranted, but humiliating to themselves. They even go so far as to say that the President's real motive is not so much to protect South America as to increase the prestige of this country as a World Power. Instead of seeing in the President's deliverance a guarantee of peace, they regard it as a menace. It is fortunate that Argentina is strong and stable enough to prevent her being the object of the "Doctrine's" activity. But some of the little cripples among the South American republics will get their ears boxed if they don't look out.

Lord Curzon's final resignation is an event of great significance both for India and for England. He breaks with the home Government on the great issue of civil control of the military. Lord Kitchener, like every general, thinks it irksome and intolerable that his plans should be passed upon by civilians. He wanted to enlarge the Indian army and make it ready to meet Russia on the Afghan frontier, and went over the Viceroy's head to the Secretary for India. That official, Mr. Brodrick, at first consented to give Lord Kitchener a free hand, but, upon the solemn protest of the India Government, accompanied by a threat of instant resignation from Lord Curzon, retreat was made, as usual, and a form of compromise patched up. Even this, however, Curzon now charges that the Balfour Ministry did not live up to honorably, and accordingly he throws up his office in disgust. This abrupt termination of so distinguished a service as Viceroy must cause a great shock of surprise and distrust in India, while in England it will be received with something like consternation. It is such a fine illustration of Balfour's contention that no one but the Tories can manage colonial and foreign affairs successfully! For so able a man as Balfour is, he seems to have a singular talent in repelling able lieutenants. One after another they have dropped away from him—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord George Hamilton, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Milner, and now Lord Curzon—leaving him surrounded by a set of mediocre Ministers and administrators whom Lord Rosebery was not far wrong in calling a "series of transient, embarrassed, and, I may add, astonished phantoms."

As we surmised, Germany has an explanation of the "personal" loan by German bankers to the Sultan of Morocco, but it throws a comic light upon the character of that potentate. According to the story, he approached Germany with a demand for something very like blackmail. To be sure, he had agreed to an international conference for the purpose of regulating his affairs, but many of his proud subjects were rebelling at the notion of foreign interference, and, really, there was nothing to do but buy them off. Unfortunately, the Moroccan Treasury was low, the monarch's privy purse had not a piastre in it, and, therefore, if Germany would be so kind, etc. In this view, the German loan was simply a kind of righteous bribe to prepare for the great work of civilization in North Africa. But it was for this sort of thing that France and Germany were on the verge of war!

M. Yves Guyot, in a paper read before the Statistical Congress, revived the moribund "standard man" long enough to speculate about his consumption of food. Starting with the assumption that such a standard was to be found in the military or naval services, he compared the official rations with the average consumption of the civilian classes. The amazing difference which he discovered between these two totals, so far as France was concerned, led him to propound two alternative conclusions. Either the masses are starved in order that the army and navy may be well fed, or the soldiers and sailors are systematically overfed and pampered by the State. The similar comparison which he proposes for every country in the world would be a complicated matter, but it is easy to follow his reasoning in some of the familiar lines. For example, if we take a few of the agricultural products, which are necessarily used fresh, and therefore neither exported on any large scale nor stored from year to year, we can ascertain easily about what the *per-capita* ration should be. But it gives perplexing results. The 59 eggs a year of the average American old enough to eat eggs seem a meagre allowance, but the 390 quarts of milk uncommonly generous. One-third of a can of sweet corn a year is almost incredibly little, considering the apparently lavish use of this article of diet. But which of us eats 2¾ watermelons a year, the number that the census shows to be raised for every inhabitant more than five years old? Our civilian American does not seem, at any rate, to have so well balanced a bill of fare as the soldier.

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A PREMIUM ON AGGRESSION.

"*Convey* the wise it call," and *indemnity* is as good a name as any other for the last booty to be wrung from the defeated. It is not the magnitude of the Japanese demand which the Russians resent, but the pretence; and their feeling will sooner or later be shared by all thinking men, and by nations not blind to the consequences of Russia's yielding this point in the negotiations for peace. M. de Martens had no difficulty, the other day, in exposing from historical examples the innovation now sought to be established as a part of international law. No precedent can be found for payment of an indemnity during a war still undecided, and still fought by the losing party on foreign soil. The case is really much as if Japan and the United States should come to blows in the Philippines—as may yet happen—and, on our being worsted and deprived of all but the last island of the archipelago, "indemnity" should be exacted over and above American evacuation. It is true that the islands are nominally American soil, but neither in fact nor in our national consciousness are they any more a part of the United States than Mantchuria is a part of Russia. We could relinquish them, indeed, with a profit, and would that we might. But to pay "indemnity" for their being taken from us, even for our own fault, with the war confined wholly to that distant scene and never directed against this continent, would rouse the old American sense of humor which Dewey and McKinley and Lodge and Roosevelt and Taft have nearly extinguished.

Russia, in other words, is not *in extremis*, is not hostilely occupied except on an insignificant margin, can spare for her steady national existence the fleets she has lost in Eastern waters, and comes to the conference as Japan in fact comes, to consider how best to end a drawn game. Both nations would gladly be spared any further expenditure of blood and treasure; and Japan could have been gratified if she had been content to have her victories confirmed, and had not aimed to make Russia pay all that her humiliation has cost her opponent. "Get out of here," said Japan with reference to Mantchuria and Korea, "that I may replace you." After Port Arthur, Liao-Yang, Mukden, and the naval overthrow in the Korean Straits, Russia stands ready to get out and to retire within her own boundaries. If Japan can extort other territorial concessions looking to her security against a repetition of clashing, well and good. To expect reimbursement for all her outlay in deliberately providing for this success, is either childish or monstrous.

Nor does it make for peace. "Indemnity" will, if secured, leave the new Russia as permanently hostile a neighbor as the old—and *popularly* hostile, as opposed to the greed of expansion in the ruling classes which brought on the present war. When we consider the Tsar's essentially peaceable disposition, we may feel assured that his consenting to a conference was an act of conscience fairly to be called national, in confession of the utter needlessness of the embroilment with Japan. It has been attended by the concession of the beginnings of self-government in his Empire, amid an awakened public consciousness full of hope if full of doubt, and ready to surge in any direction that will make manifest the new national spirit. "Indemnity" will reconcile the Russian people to a war thrust upon them by autocracy, and will give them their first sense of being really attacked by a foreign enemy. The ranks will be filled, the carnage will go on, tribute will not be paid. On the other hand, any adjustment short of tribute will find favor, and will bequeath no such rancor as to prevent the Russians and Japanese from being on good terms hereafter.

The indemnity extorted by the Germans in Paris was a guarantee of peace, no doubt; but peace in the sense of non-collision between the two countries. The true peace which results from neighborly regard and abandonment of ambitious designs, is yet far off. Have armaments been diminished on either side of the frontier? Might not the present relations between France and Germany be fitly described as a truce? The milliards were a penalty, moreover, for the Second Empire's having declared war, wickedly and groundlessly. The novelty of Japan's demand lies in the fact that she, no matter with what provocation, *began* the war, struck the first blow—struck it without warning, as a savage nation may do, and yet with the utmost deliberation, as a sequel to years of secret preparation. This is what other nations must face if they sanction it as a part of the international code. We know, of course, Japan's plea that her first blow was defensive, and the war a defensive war. So said the South when it fired upon Sumter. There is no richer field for casuistry than a defensive war. Napoleon III. used this pretext in declaring war against Prussia, which, after Sadowa, had grown too weighty for the European equilibrium. Any war can be so construed, by a Power desirous to pick a quarrel, and will be if the hard-and-fast line is not maintained between those who attack and those who repel.

Let the Japanese justify their pretensions of being champions of peace in the Orient. Grant that, by superiority in bloodshed on land and sea, they have established their claim to recognition among Christian nations by Christian Majesties and Presidents. Let them pose as the benefactors of Russia in having given to her outworn social fabric a shock that precipitates the dawn of freedom. But let them distinctly be told that all their pacific protestations are but cant so long as, having originally assaulted Russia, they press for "indemnity." This highhandedness is not going to be dropped by a military Power flushed with successes it dared not dream of, and provided (supposing she gets it) with millions of sweat money to be immediately put into fortifications, arms, and ships of war in *majorem gloriam Nippon*. Mankind will take warning.

RECIPROCITY AT CHICAGO.

The late reciprocity convention now in session at Chicago afforded a capital commentary on Secretary Shaw's recent tariff utterances in Virginia. The Secretary said that on the tariff issue the Republicans appeal to the producer with the promise of high prices for his products, while the Democrats appeal to the consumer with the guarantee of lowered cost of living. It could very conclusively be shown that the latter is the more fundamental consideration. The gathering of the Reciprocity Convention itself supplied the proof. For, while the policy of free trade or a revenue tariff is capable of reducing prices to all consumers alike by creating a more abundant supply of all articles of consumption, the protective policy, by creating an artificial scarcity of certain kinds of articles only, is of necessity a policy of discrimination. If it caused the same relative scarcity of all articles, what each producer gained in selling he would lose in buying. But in practice it makes some articles relatively more scarce than others, and thus it puts high prices into some producers' pockets, while it is incapable of helping other producers at all. The forgotten producer has begun to cry out, and thus the Secretary's creed proves not worthy of all acceptation, even among producers themselves. Of what avail is it to the wheat-grower, who must sell at the world's level of prices, to know that the sugar-grower gets, through the tariff, a higher price than could otherwise be had? How much ought it to console the shoe manufacturer, whose market is limited by the duty on hides and materials, that the iron baron or the wool-grower is being enriched by the tariff? The old tariff umbrella is not large enough to cover all producers—to say nothing of consumers—and the cry for reciprocity is a sign that those producers who are getting soaked want to come in out of the rain.

There are various kinds of reciprocity, whether secured by treaties granting mutual concessions or by the device of dual tariffs. Such a reciprocity arrangement as that secured by the Hawaiian sugar growers inured to the exclusive benefit of that island. They supplied only a part of our entire demand for

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sugar. The price of the article was determined by the cost of the most expensive part of the supply imported. Reciprocity produced in this case no reduction in price to the American consumer. It also deprived the Treasury of millions of revenue. The benefit primarily went to the Hawaiian sugar planter. This is the type of reciprocity that the producer is ready to shout for. But opportunities of this kind are rare. Even if one were found, it could be taken advantage of only by giving some foreign country the analogous opportunity of collecting what is practically a bounty from our consumers.

On the other hand, where reciprocity is a mutual lowering of duties in competitive products which leads to both an enlarged market for producers and lower prices to consumers, it is doubly welcome. To be sure, its advantages are only a partial instalment, on a begrudged plan, of what free trade would give. It suffers also from injecting into the revenue-producing machinery an uncertainty of yield which a consistent tariff for revenue only would avoid. But small favors in tariff matters are thankfully received. The dread of the word "reciprocity" and the conjuring with the spirit of retaliation under the name of a "dual tariff" were both discreditable to the Chicago convention. The dual tariff, or the maximum and minimum system, means tariff wars as often as it does mutual concessions. Witness the late unhappy struggle between France and Italy. Until some method is found of getting something for nothing, the more hopeful way of obtaining relief from the tariff burdens is not to cringe to the tariff barons or the Trusts, but to smite them both under the fifth rib.

The speeches and resolves of the Chicago convention must be hailed as, on the whole, a blow at the feet of clay of the image before which the stand-patters grovel. Gov. Cummins bore emphatic testimony to the crimes committed in the name of protection—its senseless and selfish extremes of the present day being, as he said, enough to make the fathers of American protection stare and gasp. And the deliberate and formal utterance of this representative body of Republicans, as the great majority of them were, gives the lie direct to the complacent assertions of Dingleyites joined to their idols. It puts on record the fact that American industries "can no longer depend upon the home market"; that the export trade is "vital" to this country; that the present attitude of the United States is "antagonizing foreign nations whose good will we desire"; and that Congress ought at once to set about making "concessions" (polite for reductions) in our existing tariff which can be made "without injury to industry, trade, or the wages of labor."

All this is well, but the delegates, if they had looked closely, would have seen that a maximum and minimum tariff is, in intent and effect a threat. Buy from us, or we will hit you over the head. Now, commerce never thrives on anger. Getting a nation wrathful is the worst of all ways to make it take more of our goods. Look at the object-lesson writ large for us in the Chinese boycott. From the merely commercial point of view, the Chinese are foolish. They are glutting their passions at the expense of their own pockets. But does any such consideration ever deter an enraged people? Yet we propose, with the harmful effects on our trade of Chinese enmity visible to all the world, to go on and make better customers of France and Germany by first making them angry with us too! So far have we got from the sound philosophy and the commercial sanity and wise statesmanship of Sir Robert Peel, who said that the only effective way of meeting higher tariffs abroad was by lowering tariffs at home.

Furthermore, it is altogether probable that the real lords of the tariff think of this whole "dual-tariff" plan as merely one device more with which to stave off the demand for reducing duties and further to fool the revisionists. The latter have been fed on the east wind of "reciprocity" lo! these many years; now let them fatten on the equally filling diet of a dual tariff. Years may elapse before such a tariff can be got through; years more before it would ever be applied within the discretion of a protectionist President. In the meantime, the snugly ensconsed and reassured beneficiaries of the Dingley tariff will go on exacting the uttermost farthing from their fellow-countrymen, while almost giving away their goods to the foreigner. The plain truth is that the Home Market fanatics and the high and dry protectionists all around do not intend to yield anything whatever. Nothing can be got from them by fair words. They think themselves all-powerful in the Senate; they control the Republican party; they have intimidated President Roosevelt; so why should they be asked to give up one penny of the bounty they get under the name of protection? It is all very well for Chairman Payne out in Manila to talk pleasantly about lowering duties on Philippine goods; but the high priest of the stand-patters, Speaker Cannon, at once lets it be understood that nothing of the sort can be done, and that if Congressman Payne does not leave off his nonsense, he may find on his return that another man is to be at the head of the Ways and Means Committee. In a word, talk as they may about one resort or another to deceive tariff reformers, those who are enabled by the Dingley act to levy taxes upon the people have no notion of surrendering a particle of their private gain through public law.

Argument is wasted on unblushing greed. The case for tariff revision is overwhelming, but the only reply of the fortified protectionists is, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

THE WOOL TARIFF ONCE MORE.

In the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for August Mr. C. W. Wright publishes a paper on "Wool-Growing and the Tariff since 1890," which presents all needed facts and figures on the situation during the last fifteen years, and demonstrates once more that the duties on this raw material are both futile for aiding the wool-growing farmers and harmful in burdening the consumers. Mr. Wright sets forth his results in matter-of-fact terms, and in no way intimates whether he is a protectionist or free-trader. But his very moderation makes his conclusions the more convincing. He proves beyond doubt that the wool tariff has been powerless to prevent the decline of wool-growing in the heart of the country, and has not been necessary to bring about its advance in the trans-Missouri grazing regions.

The abrupt changes in the duties on wool under the Wilson and Dingley Tariff acts have served unintentionally as experiments to demonstrate these facts. The Wilson act, in 1894, put wool on the free list—the one radical and fearless change made by that Senate-manipulated measure. The Dingley act in 1897 restored the duties to the rates of 1890. Under the McKinley tariff we had a period of high duties from 1890 to 1894—virtually the same as through the whole preceding period from 1867 to 1890; then free wool from 1894 to 1897; then high duties again since 1897. The free-wool experiment of 1894-97 was not allowed to remain in operation long enough to work out its full results. It happened to coincide with the general depression that followed the crash of 1893, and so never was in effect under normal conditions. Time enough was not given for the manufacturers to accommodate themselves to the new conditions of freedom, and the full effects on manufacturers and consumers were never tested. But so far as wool-growing is concerned, some important facts were plainly established. In the first place, it appears that wool-growing in the agricultural region of the North—that is to say, anywhere from the Atlantic seaboard to the Missouri River—will be carried on to a certain extent without any duties at all, and, on the other hand, will not be stimulated beyond that extent even by the highest duties which the most fanatical protectionist has ventured to propose. When wool was admitted free in 1894, wool-growing in

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this region declined. Part of this decline was doubtless due to the abolition of the duty. Part of it was due to the general business depression. At all events, the number of sheep fell sharply. In the North Central States (Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and adjacent States) the number fell from 12 millions in 1893 to 6½ millions in 1898. But—and this is the striking fact—high duties have not restored the number. In the North Central region there were in 1904 actually *fewer* sheep than in 1897; and the same is true of the other agricultural States, North and South. As Mr. Wright says: "There are now, after eight years under the duties of the Dingley tariff, fewer sheep than at any time throughout the period when wool was admitted free!"

The explanation is simple: the farmers find other things more profitable. Wheat, corn, cattle, the dairy pay better. Production in these has advanced; whereas, notwithstanding the stimulus of the tariff, wool-growing has declined. A certain number of sheep can be kept by the farmer virtually without expense, nay, with advantage to his land. Mutton grades of sheep pay best in this way; especially as, in recent years, fashion has increased the demand for those kinds of wool which come from the mutton sheep. But beyond the number which will thus be maintained, sheep-raising and wool-growing do not pay as well as wheat, corn, and cattle; and no tariff will help the case. As Mr. Wright says, the period of distress in the trying years 1893-97 taught the farmer this lesson thoroughly. Under the duties of the earlier period, before 1894, there had been brave attempts at sheep and wool, not merely as by-products of the farm, but as independent sources of profit. But the period of stress put an end to this, and the revised duties under the Dingley act have been absolutely without effect.

On the other hand, in the great grazing regions beyond the Missouri River—in the arid district where agriculture is impossible without irrigation, and where almost all of the land is suitable for ranching only—wool-growing is able to maintain itself without the tariff. Here, and here only, we have an independent sheep industry; not a by-product of general farming, but sheep (or cattle) as the sole products of the land. And here the number of sheep actually increased during the period of free wool! The number of sheep in the Northern Rocky Mountain region was 4,400,000 in 1893, and 6,300,000 in 1898; in the Southern Rocky Mountain region it was 7,200,000 in 1893, and 7,300,000 in 1898. In the Northern region there has been a further growth since 1898; the number of sheep being 11,600,000 in 1904. In the Southern region there has been neither growth nor decline; the number of sheep is now practically the same as in 1898. Montana is now the most prosperous of the sheep-growing States. There, sheep-ranching on free Government land pays. It would pay under any circumstances, as is proved by the steady increase during the period (1893-97) of free wool and business depression. It pays better, of course, when the price of wool is made higher by the tariff; but the tariff is not necessary for the maintenance or even the prosperity of wool-growing. It simply adds so much to the profits, ample in any case, of the sheep-ranchers.

In other words, with free wool, we should have no revolution in the industry. The farmers would continue to keep sheep very much as they do now—more for mutton than for wool—but without great change as to numbers. The ranching States would doubtless have less sheep than they have now; but the experience of the free-wool period shows that they can hold their own on a great scale without any tariff help. There would very likely be some shifting from sheep to cattle in the West, and pretty surely some cutting-down of the present high profit of the sheep-ranchers. The imports of wool would increase somewhat. They are already rising, even in face of the duties, for the country simply cannot produce enough wool for its consumption. With wool cheaper, cotton and shoddy would be used in less degree. One of the remarkable facts noted by Mr. Wright is the actual decline during recent years in the use of wool *per capita* in the United States; a clear consequence of the high price of wool. In sum, nobody would lose, except a small knot of trespassers on the public lands of the West; and the consumers would gain.

But—and here's the rub—the protective system would be deprived of one of its greatest shams. The wool duty is held forth as the shining example of benefit to the farmers; it stands for their share of the largesses of all-inclusive paternal care. That it is in fact practically of no consequence to them does not prevent it from being paraded and lauded and clung to. It enables the wool manufacturers to secure what *they* want in the way of duties, after granting to the growers what these are supposed to need; and it makes for cohesion in the whole protective scheme. It has no economic justification, but it has surprising political strength. It will probably hold its own for some time to come; and then—who knows?—will topple over with a crash, and bring with it a reconstruction of our whole tariff system.

FLURRIES OF REFORM.

"Senator Mitchell seems to have been a victim of one of the waves of reform which are now sweeping over the country." This explanation of the conviction of Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon is offered by his counsel, John M. Thurston, formerly United States Senator from Nebraska. Mr. Thurston also asserts that, but for the statute of limitations, "many leading men in Montana and other Western States might have been company for Senator Mitchell in his trial." None can dispute the correctness of Senator Thurston's statement. In the West, eminent citizens, zealous in religion and politics, have abetted these land frauds with the same pride and enthusiasm with which, in the East, gentlemen of similar standing have joined swindling syndicates, and looted insurance companies. In fine, the illegal traffic, especially in timber and mineral lands, has been so lucrative as to be highly respectable. The common excuse for Mitchell, heard on the streets of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, or wherever a friend volunteers to stand up for him, is that he is no worse than thousands of others. He suffers because his misdoings came to light at a time when people were excited about honesty. "Look at your sweet Depew," cries the Mitchell apologist; "he is Senator from the Vanderbilt railways; look at Dryden, Senator from the Prudential Insurance Company and the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey; look at the Pennsylvania Railway delegation in both branches of Congress, and then confess that your Eastern moralists are merely posturing when they condemn poor Mitchell for lending a friendly hand to the land companies."

Moreover, the great land companies, mining companies, and lumber companies are, like our blessed railway and insurance companies, substantial concerns, the backbone of business, controllers of many votes. "There is something to be said," remarked Mr. Thurston gravely, "for the big land companies of the West, in spite of the manner in which they are alleged to have procured their lands. These big land companies have been one of the principal factors in building up the Western country. Especially is this true of the lumber industry." The inference is easy, indeed obvious. The man who helps these beneficent institutions to get what they want, is a philanthropist. To call Senator Mitchell or Depew a hoary-headed old rascal is both unjust and cruel. Neither of them has inquired too narrowly into the technicalities of law or morals; their eyes have been fixed on higher things, nobler aims. Each has been devoted to those mighty commercial interests which are the true soul of a commonwealth; each in his own courageous, though somewhat careless, way has been an advance agent of prosperity.

To convict of crime, or even to censure severely, a man who has sacrificed whatever of conscience he ever had to the god of material success is, in these days, like stoning the prophets. And

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yet a considerable number of us are in a mood to do just this. In the last two or three years, public sentiment has been deeply stirred, and men who call themselves practical are seriously asking whether wholesale debauchery of legislatures, boards of aldermen, and electorates is not too heavy a price even for so precious a boon as the largest insurance society on earth, the most extensive railway system, unlimited franchises for trolley lines, the most powerful lumber company, or the richest gold mine. The revelations of venality in Missouri, the uncovering of frauds in the postal service and in the Department of Agriculture, the scandal in regard to Justice Warren B. Hooker, the colossal knavery in the management of the Equitable, and the wide discussion of "tainted money" have set men to thinking that the Ten Commandments, though antiquated, may, after all, be a fairly safe guide in both politics and business; that in the long run dishonesty is not always the best policy. As Mr. Thurston naïvely puts it, "There is at present an epidemic of reform among the people of the United States, and their efforts appear directed toward men in the Government service." This, as Mr. Thurston generously admits, "is not to be condemned."

Neither is it to be accepted as evidence of a political millennium. Our citizens are somewhat stirred just now, but, as Mr. Thurston and Senator Mitchell are well aware, they will quiet down again. Patience to wait till a squall of reform has blown itself out is, as Senator Thomas C. Platt has more than once noted, a cardinal virtue in the politician who lives by graft. He and time can wear away the stoutest army that ever rallied to the banner of reform. The fact is significant that the conviction of Senator Mitchell was procured only with much difficulty; and, but for the firm backing of President Roosevelt, the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Heney, might have failed entirely. Apparently, the popular rage is fully satisfied with one "victim," for the jury has split in the case of Representative Williamson of Oregon. In our own virtuous State, public indignation did not remain at white heat long enough to melt the Odell machine, and as a result Warren B. Hooker is still an ornament of the bench. Observers at Washington predict a similar result in future trials of postal thieves. Machen and one or two notorious offenders are in the penitentiary; but the Government is already dropping the indictments of those against whom the evidence is not absolutely overwhelming. Possibly some of the worst of the rascals, if they can stave off trial long enough, will go free.

Nor is there any way, so far as experience teaches, to keep civic courage always screwed to the sticking-place. We must get along either with waves of reform, or with no reform at all. Human nature being what it is, the man who directly and immediately profits by dishonesty will be always alert, while the man who is robbed indirectly, secretly, and penny by penny, will inevitably suffer periods of apathy. Eternal vigilance is the price that will never be paid. Yet no one but a hired advocate can argue that spasmodic morality is worse than none; that because we do not catch all cut-throats and plunderers, we should let all of them off; that Senator Mitchell should not go to the penitentiary because Senator Depew remains a dishonored member of many directorates. To fall into this cheap fallacy would be deliberately to subvert every principle of decency.

THE GOSPEL OF EFFICIENCY.

Within a generation political philosophy has drifted from its traditional moorings. The reaction in this country has not proceeded to the same lengths as in Great Britain. We have not dragged our anchors so far, but, on the other hand, our democratic cables were supposedly stronger than those of an hereditary monarchy. Political reasoning, two or three decades ago, was colored by a dominant set of ideas which are to-day regarded as anything but axiomatic. The thinking of 1870 was permeated with certain assumptions about fundamental personal rights which are to-day viewed with confessed skepticism.

English Liberalism had thriven on the earlier food. It had rescued more than one submerged tract of personal liberty from the flood of private interests. It had extended the suffrage by insistence on the right of the individual to a share in government. "One man, one vote," was the goal it set before itself. It had broken down abuses and had abolished hoary privileges which transgressed the liberty of the individual. It had done away with the attempt to hold English-speaking colonies by force of arms. It had striven to destroy slavery and the slave trade in other states; and, if it retained sway over inferior races, it had aimed, on the whole, at a mild and tolerant rule. In the United States the principle of equality before the law was held with even more fervor. The war amendments to the Constitution show how far this doctrine was pushed. Not only was liberty given the slave, but the ballot was placed in his hand. Out of our full-hearted belief in the universality of these doctrines, we gave quick approval to movements abroad that seemed to promise political liberty or national independence. So strong was this genuine feeling that our politicians notoriously traded on it. Each party outbids the other in expressions of sympathy for Irish Home Rule.

To-day, all these political ideas are frost-bitten. If John Stuart Mill or Charles Sumner could return to this world, he would be simply bewildered by the radical change in political thinking. To talk of human rights as a political datum, or even as a political end, is supposed to-day to be the mark of a speculative Rip Van Winkle. It is not free government or self-government that holds the stage, but what is called "good government." Administrative efficiency, not a spontaneous national life with growth and movement, is the idol of the hour. "Even the vestal fire of justice is apt to flicker out in the ideal commonwealth of the efficient." Instead of abolishing slavery in its own colonies and aiding to break up the slave trade, "John Bull-Cohen," as the Australians dub their sire, is to-day importing coolie laborers into the Rand at the instance of the Rand shareholders. Instead of universal suffrage, he is preparing his sons for universal conscription. Instead of free trade, he is flirting with retaliation, reciprocity, fair trade, food duties, and protection.

The same spirit or tendency rules here. Does Porto Rico want to be self-governed and not governed from Washington? "Civic fibre," so the Rev. Lyman Abbott tells them, is not to come from self-government, but from large crops. What Porto Rico needs is not autonomy, but a good sewer system. If most Republicans would speak their minds out frankly today, they would admit that the disfranchisement of the negro in the South does not worry them. Lincoln was backward enough to believe that no man is good enough to rule over another without his consent; but Secretary Taft tells the Filipinos, "Work, don't agitate," for the United States will brook no interference for some generations. And if there has been a suspiciously long lull in expressions of sympathy for "the most distressful country," is it not because we are dimly conscious that we have an Ireland of our own in the Pacific?

Whatever the common causes of the reaction in both countries, we in the United States were doubtless beguiled through our sympathies. Our abhorrence of Spanish misrule in Cuba was taken advantage of by unscrupulous politicians to let loose upon us the curse of Imperialism. We were besought not to fear taking up foreign responsibilities through "the craven fear of being great." Not only our fine altruism, but out latent avarice, was appealed to. When we had acquired subjects abroad, we were no longer without sinister "national interests." Humanitarianism first slew its thousands, and then greed its tens of thousands. We took up "the white man's burden," and then, as Mr. Dooley said, "we put it on the coon." Powerful financial interests long defeated any tariff concessions to Cuba, and

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have prevented justice to the Philippines.

All this change had not gone far when both in England and here a philosophic support was sought for in a distorted application of the doctrine of biological evolution to national politics. The old idea of righteousness exalting a nation was pronounced pure fustian. There was no test of fitness but survival. Success became the touchstone of international politics. The ape and tiger qualities have consequently been unmuzzled both here and in Great Britain. Forcible aggression and the maintenance of race ascendency have characterized the British policy of Imperialism since 1884. Preparations are here making for running a similar course as regards this hemisphere. In 1875 the naval and military expenditure of the United Kingdom absorbed less than one-third of the total expenditure; in 1904 it absorbed one-half, and had risen in absolute amount to £72,153,000. In the United States, $62,500,000 approximately was spent in 1875 on army and navy, or less than one-quarter of our Federal expenditure. In 1904 $218,000,000 approximately, or over 37 per cent. of our Federal expenditure, went for the same objects. The spirit of Imperialism is the same here and abroad. It means immense outlay, war not peace, privilege not equality. All the philosophic disguises that may be invented cannot conceal the facts.

SURVIVALS OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM.

Some months ago in Iowa legal proceedings were begun to end the corporate existence of the Amana Society, whose remarkable settlement on the Iowa River is believed to be the largest and strongest communistic society now in existence anywhere in the world. The District Court recently handed down a decision confirming the Society's rights in every particular. "It is undisputed," says Judge Byington in his opinion, "that the donation of personal property and personal labor and the holding of property in common is a fundamental tenet of this faith. Render this impossible, and you destroy the ability to observe their religious faith. Deprive the Society of the right to acquire and hold real estate out of which to make a living, and you deprive its members of the means with which to make a living." Therefore, in carrying on its various secular occupations, the Community of True Inspiration—its official name—is neither exceeding its corporate powers as a religious body nor doing anything "obnoxious to a sound public policy."

America has been the field for so many social experiments in the past that it would have been a pity on more than one account for any of them, however fantastic, to be terminated by force. The decision which allows the Amana Society to work out its own salvation for the future, ought at least to direct attention to the survivals of communism in this country. All told, there have probably been considerably more than a hundred attempts to establish communistic villages here, nearly all of them before 1850. John Humphrey Noyes, who founded the Oneida Community of Perfectionists in 1848, himself enumerated 47 previous failures. England gave us the Shakers, who established themselves in the East in 1794 and the West in 1808, and still flourish with about 1,000 members. Germany sent, besides the Amana colonists, the Zoarites and the Harmonites, or Rappists, whose membership had dwindled in 1900 to eight, and who sold their property to a Pittsburgh syndicate and dissolved in 1903. The French Colony of Icaria, in Iowa, went out of existence in 1895. The Oneida Community itself became in 1881 an ordinary joint-stock company. The Amana Society's long and successful life during a period when nearly all similar enterprises succumbed, is therefore a most interesting phenomenon.

The judicial decision already quoted summarizes the present status of the Society. It has about 1,750 members, owns 26,225 acres of land worth about $40 an acre, 5,386 acres being under cultivation. Its crops are worth annually something like $75,000; the product of its woollen and cotton mills, fanning mills, and blacksmith shops is valued at some $325,000 a year; and its live stock at present is reckoned at more than $70,000. There are seven villages on the Amana tract, with 280 dwellings, 51 barns, 4 hotels, 7 general stores, 3 drug stores, 7 blacksmith shops, worth altogether about $400,000. In every case where a comparison is possible, these figures show a decided gain over those given by Charles Nordhoff, who wrote an account of the community in 1875. The population, for instance, has risen from 1,450 to 1,750 in these thirty years. In this respect, the community is unique, for all the others described by Nordhoff, if they have survived at all, have suffered heavy losses.

It has been the paradox of communistic effort in this country that those who cared least about it have succeeded best at it. Of all the elaborate social reconstructions attempted by the disciples of Fourier and Robert Owen, not one succeeded. The last non-religious colony, Icaria, whose founder, Cabet, allowed fifty years for the peaceful conversion of the whole world to communism, perished itself only a few years after the expiration of that period. Not only have the sole survivors been religious societies, but they have been societies which made the communistic features of their life a matter of entirely secondary importance. Prof. Richard T. Ely, writing two years ago of the conditions at Amana, observed that "the ideas which underlie rational democratic communism have but little sympathy in them." He speaks further of the way in which "communistic practices spring up unconsciously without any thought of social transformation." Nordhoff also pointed out that the Inspirationists were brought together solely for religious reasons. Once united in a congregation and desiring to avoid contact with the rest of the world, their next question was to get a living. Since some members did not favor a purely agricultural community, factories or workshops had to be built, and capital for these enterprises was not to be had except by sinking all private means in a common fund. These people had no theories about it when one of their leaders, under inspiration, declared for communal ownership.

The religious side is in all respects first. The Amana Society's woollens and cotton prints have a high reputation, but as the Society does not believe in strife, legal or physical, outsiders counterfeit their marks unprosecuted. The extreme simplicity of their life does not arise from poverty. "One might have a flute but nothing more," Nordhoff was told when asked about their recreations. They live up so consistently to their beliefs about marriage, which is discouraged but not prohibited, that when any member, no matter how prominent, marries, he or she is at once reduced to the "children's order." Two of their early leaders, Christian Metz and Barbara Landman, dared to marry, and, like naval officers reduced so many numbers, had to win their way back to the top, in this case by giving renewed evidences of spirituality.

Even from external evidence it is manifest that the residents at Amana do not rank social doctrines with religious. For instance, there is no effort to make the colony completely self-sustaining, like one of Fourier's phalanxes. What the Society does not itself produce, it buys freely from outside. It sends its physicians to college, and even abroad, to be educated, and, while they must give their services to members, it permits them to take paying patients outside. If a man has honey or vegetables to spare, his selling them for pocket money is winked at. Even the credits at the Society stores, arranged somewhat on the Bellamy system, are not uniform; certain members, like these same doctors, receiving $100 a year, while some of their neighbors, whose legitimate wants are conceived to be less, get as little as $40.

There is the best of object-lessons in all this of the way in which human institutions actually grow up. Everywhere, in the second quarter of the last century, were enthusiasts who knew exactly how society should be reorganized,

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who not only could draw unimpeachable plans to the last detail, but were willing to sacrifice everything, and even suffer persecution, to see them in practice. One and all, these visionaries made abject and humiliating failures. But a dissenting sect of German immigrants, caring nothing about industrial problems and asking only to be let alone, comes across the water and blunders into striking success in the same field.

THE PLÉBISCITE OF THE NORSEMEN.

KRISTIANIA, August 5, 1905.

Norway is just now in a state of patriotic eruption more interesting to the seasoned traveller than even its fjords and glaciers. After the momentous action taken by the Storthing on the 7th of June, it was freely charged by Swedish writers that the sudden dissolution of the Union was the work of self-seeking lawyers who misrepresented their country. It is thus not surprising that the Riksdag insisted upon a decisive popular vote in Norway as the first condition of negotiations looking toward a formal recognition of the Union's defunctness. The Storthing has promptly accepted the challenge, largely in deference to the opinions of mankind at large, and has fixed upon the 13th of August as the day on which the electorate shall vote aye or no on the simple question of approving or disapproving what was done on the 7th of June. Thus is democracy vindicated in one of its strongholds.

In view of the uncertainties that beset prophecy, especially in the field of politics, it might perhaps seem more prudent were I to wait until the vote has been taken before writing a letter about it to the *Nation*. However, my object in writing is not to discuss the vote itself, but to offer a judicial comment upon the recent developments on which the plébiscite of Sunday week—already marked as henceforth a red-letter day in the Norseman's political calendar—will set the high seal of popular approval. For the only element of uncertainty in the horoscope is the size of the vote that can be brought to the polls. The middle of August is not a very good time for polling the people of Norway. Many of the well-to-do are away from home, fishermen and sailors are on the sea, herdsmen far up the mountains. Moreover, some evidently look upon the whole affair as a useless formality. But vigorous efforts are being made to bring out the vote, the papers are printing strong appeals, the chairmen of all the party organizations have united in a common address to the people, the women are making themselves heard, and the result will no doubt be decisive enough. It will tell the world what the Norsemen think about the main issue of the dead Union. It will show a virtually unanimous support of the Storthing and the Michelsen Government. For several weeks I have been reading papers of every stripe, and talking with people of all stations, and I have yet to find a real dissenter.

There are, indeed, many whose mood is anything but exultant, and who regret keenly that a satisfactory union with Sweden, on the basis of a complete sovereignty provided by the Constitution, could not have been effected. They do not like to think of little Norway standing alone against any of the great Powers that might cast a covetous eye upon it. Suspicion of Russia is bred in the Norseman's bone, as in that of the Swede. He really wishes to live on terms of amity and alliance with his brethren at the east, but he is firmly resolved not to live in a relation of dependence. He feels no bitterness toward the Swedish people, though he sharply criticises the dominant party in the Riksdag. No rancor is felt toward King Oscar, though regret is freely expressed that he should not have seen fit to spend more time in Norway. (The Constitution provides rather vaguely that the King "spends some time each year in Norway, unless serious obstacles prevent.") But all parties, from the Socialists to the extreme Right, are now agreed that the work of June 7 must not and shall not be undone.

On the whole, the dominant impression produced on my own mind—the mind of a bookish outsider who has long had a warm feeling for all three of the Scandinavian peoples—by the recent reading of numberless pamphlets, leading articles, open letters, and so forth, is one of admiration for the superb poise exhibited by the Norsemen under very trying circumstances. By a section of the Swedish press, that called *Stor-Svensk*, or Great-Swedish, which is the local name for Jingo, they have been deluged with abuse. Even by writers of repute, from whom one would expect a more calm and objective view of the matters in dispute, they have heard their public men, whom they trust and admire, denounced as traitors, rebels, madmen, and wretches dead to all sense of honor. They have read blustering talk of war and wild rumors of military preparation on the part of Norway. But thus far I have met with no venomous retort by a Norseman—nothing that could fairly be called bad-tempered. Their leaders are calm and conciliatory—the importance of future friendship is kept steadily in mind; but the calm is that of men who have come to a decision, and are prepared to stand by it. Among the derisive epithets hurled at them by the bellicose party in Sweden is one which means "fussy," but there is no fussiness discernible in their present temper. What one reads and hears everywhere is a quiet determination that the Union as it has been shall be no longer. This granted, the Norseman is ready to discuss all other questions in a tractable and conciliatory spirit.

As I write, there lies before me a little pamphlet consisting of five articles that have lately appeared in the Kristiania *Aftenpost*. One is by an ex-Councillor of State, another by a university professor, a third by a venerable clergyman, a fourth by an officer in the army, and the last by a prominent jurist. The clergyman's contribution takes the form of a short open letter to Swedish Christians. After speaking of the high hopes that thrilled the hearts of all Norsemen in 1903, when there seemed a fair prospect that the claims of Norway would at last be granted, he goes on to say:

"I know that many of you think we gave up hope too quickly; very well—I speak confidently and with full assurance—then forgive us the supposed wrong. Understand us and forgive us. Understand, you Swedish pastors, who love your country so ardently, as is now being made evident, that it is from great love to *our* country that we have acted, in doing what before God we believe to be right. . . . I do not wish to write much, but I wish to write from heart to heart. Let me close with these words: Give up the desire to rule over us, and you shall come to own us. Offer us again a brother's hand after the dissolution of the Union, and you shall have no more faithful friend than Norway. It is not in fear of war that I write—every drop of Norse blood is ready to be shed if we are attacked; not in fear of war, but in fear of the awful loss of things precious, especially of love between the two peoples of the peninsula. For we love Sweden and its people. You should know that. We love you in spite of your hard words, because we see through the words to the high heart of the Swedish people."

The officer writes an open letter to Swedish friends and comrades. After rehearsing the events that led up to the separation, he comes to the question of "honor," always a ticklish one for the military mind. "How," he asks, "can the honor of the King or of Sweden be hurt by the dissolution of an equal partnership, which one of the partners had found unsatisfactory?" He continues:

"We offered you our hand in sincerity, but you did not take it. We offer it again and ask for your friendship—not from fear—for we trust fully and firmly in the goodness of our cause, and rely confidently on that higher justice that rules the fate of men and nations; but because, as I have said before, we sincerely desire peace and good relations for the sake of the welfare and progress of both nations. Give us your hand and do it quickly, before the poison which is being spat out by small and short-sighted men shall penetrate to the heart and destroy our kindly feeling for your land and people and yours for us. To conclude: Believe what you will about us, but do not believe that we are so stupid as to make, under any circumstances whatever, an attack upon Sweden. But, if we are attacked, we shall defend ourselves as long as there is an arm in Norway that can handle a weapon, or a silver spoon that can be turned into money."

With such sentiments as this the press of Norway has of late been ringing. They represent beyond a doubt the feeling of the country. And, this being so very evident, how astounding it is to find in the Stockholm *Dagblad* such a deliverence as the following:

"Can it really be possible that there is one single Norseman who regards Norway's cause as just and could go to war with Sweden in honest faith that it is so? Of course the Norsemen are being misled and blinded by their independent professional politicians; but that they should be so to such a degree that they can seriously look upon their cause against Sweden as just; is quite too preposterous."

Or take the following, as a pendent to the clergyman's utterance quoted above. It is again from the Stockholm *Dagblad*, and emanates from an aged Swedish professor who is expostulating from the brink of the grave, he says, with his erring Christian brothers in Norway:

"Have we here in Sweden ever learned to regard Norway as a dependency? Or have the Norse youth been brought up in that belief? Has not Norway enjoyed a domestic freedom greater than that of almost any other country in Europe? Compare it with what Finland has endured. Can the trifling and for the most part purely formal limitations in the sphere of foreign affairs prove that Norway has been a dependency? . . . What a small thing is this consular question! Has there ever really been anything to complain of? . . . And then it is not unreasonable that the older brother in a family should have a

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little the best of it, at any rate until the younger brother is full-grown."

These words show better than pages of learned exposition the nature of the causes that have produced the rupture between Sweden and Norway. Here is a Swedish gentleman, of high culture and the best intentions, making a most laudable effort to be fair, and—using language fit to make a Norseman clench his fist and tear his hair; comparing Norway with Finland, and implying that its freedom is the generous gift of Sweden; speaking of its foreign affairs as a trifling matter, and likening it to a little brother that needs to be managed until he is full-grown. And all this after solemn assurances that nobody in Sweden thinks or wishes to think of Norway as a dependency! The fact is, that the great majority of the Swedes, and especially those who take part in public affairs, do look and always have looked upon Norway as a sort of appendix to Sweden. (I purposely avoid the use of a technical word). In the beginning they regarded it as an offset for the loss of Finland, a legitimate prize won by war and diplomacy. It was not legally a part of Sweden, but was thought of as a sort of autonomous province which chose to call itself a kingdom, and which it was expedient to let go its own way on account of the extreme touchiness of the Norsemen in matters of form. And this mode of thinking is so ingrained in the mind of the Swede that it has become as "natural" as the air that he breathes. He cannot understand why it should be so offensive to the Norseman.

Thus only can we account for the extreme heat of such a writer as Sven Hedin, who has an eminently scientific mind and is honored by all the world as an explorer. In an article recently contributed to the German periodical *Die Woche* he speaks of the Storthing's action as illegal, revolutionary, and horribly insulting to the aged and excellent King Oscar; of a long-desired sovereignty now finally won by seditious and unlawful means; of an epidemic madness that has seized upon an entire people, misled by a government of lawyers. And he is in great concern, not for the dignity and honor of Sweden, which has behaved so ideally during the crisis, but for poor little Norway drifting hereafter alone before wind and weather!

It is clear that such deep-lying differences of opinion as I have brought to view, with regard to the nature of the union between the two states, were no longer to be reconciled or patched up by compromise. It was necessary that the one side yield to the other, peaceably or under compulsion of defeat in war, or else that the Union be dissolved. For the Norseman repudiates the idea that he has been scheming to secure anything that was not his plain right under the law, or that he has been for years engaged, to quote a phrase of Hedin's, in "chasing the soap-bubble of sovereignty." He calls attention to the fact that Norway was a free and independent kingdom for some centuries before anything trustworthy is known of Swedish history; and to the fact that, in theory at least, it has never been anything else. He admits ruefully that, during the long Danish connection, owing to the temporary decadence of national spirit, the theory was reduced to a barren ideality; but he insists that the basis of the union with Sweden is not the ancient history of Norway, but the act of Union and the Constitution of 1814, the first sentence of which reads: "The kingdom of Norway is a free, independent, indivisible, and inalienable realm, united with Sweden under one king." He asserts that what he has aimed at in recent years was by no means the destruction of the Union, but the effectuation of a union such as the fundamental law of the land provides for. He declares, further, that if there was revolution in the proceedings of June 7, it was not of his making.

And up to a certain point it is difficult to evade his logic. Stated as briefly and unquestionably as possible, the course of the "revolution" was as follows: In May last a consular bill in which the country was well known to be greatly interested was passed by the Storthing and laid before the King by his Council of State, who were unanimous in its favor. The King vetoed it, as he had an unquestioned right to do. The Constitution provides that a vetoed bill shall be returned, and, if passed without change by three successive Storthings, it becomes a law notwithstanding the veto. Upon failing to secure the King's approval of their bill, the Government resigned, which was the natural and regular and indeed the only constitutional course for them to pursue. To have retained office under the circumstances would have been absurd and in a sense revolutionary, since the effect would have been to convert a constitutional Government into an absolute monarchy. At this stage of affairs the "regular" procedure would have been for the King to accept the resignation of his Council and form a new ministry that would take the responsibility of dropping the proposed bill. But no such men were to be found in Norway, as King Oscar well knew. So he declined to attempt the formation of a new Council or to accept the resignations of the old one. Thus government in Norway was brought to a standstill; wherefore the Parliament, as the ultimate source of authority in a free country, declared the throne vacant and proclaimed a provisional Government.

One sees that there is room for endless logomachy over the question, Who broke up the Union? There is surely much force in the contention of the Norsemen that the responsibility for the "revolution" rests not upon them, but upon the King and his Swedish councillors, who sought to prevent a free and independent people from managing their own affairs in their own way. To the charge of precipitation and of having deliberately planned the *impasse*, they reply that the question at issue was no new one; that for many years they had endeavored in good faith, by means of negotiations between the two Governments, to secure a mutually satisfactory consular law by which they could guard the separate interests of Norway, as the separate interests of Sweden have always been guarded by its consuls; that they had seen their efforts year after year thwarted by the Swedish politicians, until patience had ceased to be a virtue and become the sign of servility. It was necessary to bring matters to an issue or else to accept the hateful status of a dependency.

For the Swedish side of the controversy it is urged that, in the absence of explicit law either in the Constitution or in the Act of Union, the foreign affairs of Norway, and with them its consular business, were from the first left in the hands of the King, to be managed at his good pleasure; the theory being, of course, that if the Union was to be effective as against a foreign enemy, a division of authority in the conduct of foreign affairs was inexpedient. The Swede asks impatiently why an arrangement which was acquiesced in by Norway for some seventy years, and thus acquired something of the sanctity of law, should suddenly have become intolerable. To this the Norsemen are ready with their reply along two lines of argument. First, they say that their long acquiescence was a matter of convenience and of understanding with the King in his capacity as King of Norway, bound to take the advice of his Norse Council of State; that it was never in any sense an agreement or even an understanding with the Swedish Government; that in recent years, owing partly to changes in Swedish organic law, about which of course the Norsemen were not consulted, it has come about that the King, in his conduct of the foreign affairs of both countries, takes only the advice of his Swedish Council of State, which is in no way responsible to the people of Norway. Of this the Norseman justly complains. His second line of argument is that commercial conditions have greatly changed; that whereas half a century ago the consular question was of small importance, in recent years the foreign commerce of Norway has increased until it is about three times as great as that of Sweden; that the policy of the two countries as regards tariff on imports is very different, and that they have become to some extent competitors in the world's markets. The Norsemen say that, under such circumstances, the continued control of their consular business by their commercial rivals is intolerable and unworthy of a free people. Such a state of affairs, they declare, even if they should patiently submit to it a little longer, must inevitably be a constant source of ill-feeling between the two countries and hence an ever-present danger to the Union.

Summing it all up, I can see nothing but blindness and fatuity in those Swedish writers who treat the Norseman's consular question as a trifling matter and call him "fussy" for caring so much about it. They forget that, in political history, where the patriotic instinct is concerned, the great questions are usually trifles that happen to be symbolical. One thinks of the tea in Boston harbor, for example. The Norseman's national feeling is strong, and he has the same right to it that other people have to theirs. His value as a friend and ally of Sweden can not be increased by wounding his patriotism. To me it seems clear that, owing to the course of events and to radically different constructions of organic law not in itself explicit, the Union had become unworkable and a source of danger and weakness instead of strength. The well-wisher of both peoples may cheerfully say, Peace to its ashes!

But what of the future? one asks. Well, there are certainly hard problems enough in sight, but there is also a good prospect that they will be solved without a resort to arms. Sensible men in Sweden see plainly, through their wrath and regrets, that a war with Norway would be criminal madness. It would serve no purposes but

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those of the arch-fiend. So there will be no war. There will be difficult, perhaps tedious, negotiations over the settlement of counts, over the tariff and what not. On all these matters the Norsemen will be very conciliatory and careful of Swedish susceptibility. In the end there will be a defensive alliance between two very friendly peoples, who will understand each other better and respect each other more than they have done hitherto. And as for the bugaboo of danger from without, one may predict with confidence that much water will run into the sea before the Muscovite bear, henceforth a sadder and wiser bear than we have been wont to think of, will be eager to lay his paw upon either Sweden or Norway. CALVIN THOMAS.

AN ARCHITECTURAL STROLL IN FRANCE.—II.

PARIS, August 7, 1905.

The reader of 'À travers la France,' by M. André Hallays, will not regret following him in his excursions, and will find many interesting pages, not only on historical monuments, but also on historical characters. On his way through Montbard, in Burgundy, he is forcibly reminded of Buffon. There are not many people, I am afraid, who now read Buffon's 'Histoire Naturelle' or his 'Discours sur le Style.' There are, however, in the 'Histoire Naturelle' many admirable descriptions; all that is remembered of the 'Discours sur le Style' is the proverbial maxim, "Le style c'est l'homme." M. Hallays says that, "of all Buffon's works, the one which has preserved all its beauty, all its life, all its freshness, is the park at Montbard; so much so, that there are probably more travellers bent on admiring these old trees than there are readers for the old works of the naturalist.

Buffon bought in 1744 the castle of Montbard. It was an ancient fortress which had often been inhabited by the Dukes of Burgundy. Buffon demolished the feudal castle, with the exception of a half-ruined tower where he had his "cabinet de travail," and a formidable donjon. He kept also the fortifications which surrounded the hill on all sides, and transformed them into terraces, on which he planted trees. "The gardens," writes in 1785 a visitor (Hérault de Séchelles, who became one of the Terrorists of the Convention), "are composed of thirteen terraces, as irregular as the house, from which one discovers an immense view, magnificent prospects, meadows, rivers, hills, and the whole town of Montbard." The park, which was bought by the town, is now a public promenade. There are no longer gardens in it, but the trees are admirable. At the foot of the donjon there is a column erected by Buffon's son with this inscription:

Excelsæ turri
Humilis columna
Parenti suo
Filius Buffon
1785.

This son of Buffon was an officer, married to Mademoiselle de Cepoy, and divorced from her. Madame de Buffon became the mistress of the Duke of Orleans (Philippe Égalité). She was a rival of Mrs. Elliott, who was a Conservative, whereas Madame de Buffon was a partisan of the Revolution. The interesting Memoirs of Mrs. Elliott enter into curious details on this subject.

Montbard has a statue of Buffon, and another of Daubenton, his collaborator. Émile Montégut, in his 'Souvenirs de Bourgogne,' a work which cannot be too highly commended, has judged the statue of Buffon in these terms: "This man in bronze is a naturalist? He might as well be an orator, a provincial *intendant*, a politician. Where do we find in this image a sign, a mark, which indicates the nature of the intellectual occupations, the services rendered, the glory acquired?" This criticism had its effect; round the statue of Daubenton the sculptor placed three sheep.

M. André Hallays took with him to Montbard, to read there, a forgotten opuscule, 'Le Voyage à Montbard,' by Hérault de Séchelles. Sainte-Beuve says of him that he was "a light, unfaithful, and ironical spy." M. André Hallays calls him the first of the reporters. He was, at the time of his visit to Buffon, advocate-general at the Parlement, though he was only twenty years old. Hérault de Séchelles gives an account of his visit to Buffon which is very much in the style of the articles of our modern reporters. What can be noted in it now is the portrait he gives of the great man: "I see a fine face, noble and calm. Though he is seventy-eight years old, you would only give him sixty; and he had just passed sixteen nights without sleep [he was suffering from the stone]. . . . His hair was curled when I saw him; it is one of his manias, and he confesses it. . . . He had on a yellow dressing-gown, with white stripes and blue flowers." Hérault de Séchelles notes with care Buffon's passion for fine clothes, and all the habits of this "good, great man"; but, with all his show of admiration, he insists too much on the naturalist's little ridiculousnesses.

Very different from the worthy and, on the whole, admirable Buffon was Bussy-Rabutin, whose famous château next received a visit from M. Hallays. Rabutin's rivulet flows at the foot of Mount Auxois, the *Alesia* of Vercingetorix and the scene of his last stand against Cæsar. Bussy-Rabutin wrote to his friends that his house was one of the finest in France; which was going beyond the truth. The principal part, in pure Louis XIV. style, was built in 1649 by the Count de Bussy. There are, as usual, two wings, making with the middle part a court of honor. These wings, formed by arcades, are the remains of a château of the Rennaissance. Four towers, which are at the four angles, give the whole a feudal aspect. The park is built on a slope, and great stone staircases, marble vases, and rocks impart to it a grand character. On one side of the château is an elegant parterre, which is said to have been planned by Lenôtre; but, says M. André Hallays, "What French garden has not been attributed to Lenôtre?"

Roger Rabutin, Count de Bussy, having fallen into disgrace with Louis XIV., was ordered to retire to his estates. He was only forty-six years old. He was a most brilliant officer, and had served with great distinction under Turenne and Condé. He once, with an armed band, abducted Madame de Miramion, whom he wished to marry; and was saved on this occasion only by Condé. He caused great scandal in a famous orgy at Roissy, where, with other libertines, he sang very scurrilous songs. He afterwards composed the 'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules,' in which the great ladies of the court, Madame de Maintenon among the rest, were libelled. He was sent to the Bastille, and, his health giving way, was allowed to go to Burgundy.

His château was in reality his prison, and he consoled himself only by adorning it, and by writing innumerable letters, which are models of style, and many of which have been preserved and are still very readable. Under his direction, painters decorated the walls of the château with allegories and devices, which are, so to speak, the history of his amours, his regrets, his likes, and dislikes. It was the custom of the seventeenth century to have on the panels illustrated devices; among all those made by Bussy's orders—the phœnix, the torn flag, etc.—there is a fine portrait of the Count by Lebrun. The devices were chosen with care. "Decipit et placet," "Allicit ut perdat," etc. Many are the allusions to Madame de Montglat, who was Bussy's goddess, and about whom he wrote to Madame de Scudéry: "You see that I love much the lady concerning whom I cannot be silent; I confess it, provided I may speak of it. I don't care what people think of it, but I will speak of her in prose and in verse." One of the towers, the gilt tower, as Bussy called it, was specially dedicated to Madame de Montglat. Her portrait is there, with the portraits of the ladies of the times most celebrated for their adventures—the sisters D'Angenne, Madame de Gouville, the Duchess of Châtillon, the Duchess of Choiseul, the Marquise de la Baume, the Marquise d'Humières. There are also many mythological pictures, with verses and maxims in verse inscribed under them, which compose a sort of "art d'aimer."

Count Sarcus, a proprietor of the château, preserved all the remains of the park, and dedicated a room to the memory of Bussy's famous cousin, Madame de Sévigné. He placed in this room a series of female portraits, executed by Bussy's order. Madame de Sévigné was always fond of her witty cousin; her letters to him are charming, and the manner in which he introduced her in his 'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules,' is one of the greatest reproaches that can be brought against his memory. M. André Hallays very justly writes: "This Bussy had probably in his person, in his manners, perhaps in his voice, something which seduced and disarmed. He was wicked and treacherous; but people came back to him. He did to Madame de Sévigné the most cruel and cowardly injury by putting her portrait in the 'Histoire Amoureuse': it is the most perfect and the vilest page he ever wrote." She was very angry with him, but, after an explanation, she forgave him. So did not Louis XIV., who would never again give Bussy a place in his armies.

We must follow M. André Hallays to many places in his rambling tours. Let us stop a moment with him at Avignon. It is resolved, it seems, to demolish Avignon stone by stone: "Among all the old cities of France, there is none which more deserves the respect and the affection of its inhabitants. . . . On a marvellous site, under an incomparable sky, its palaces, its ramparts, its churches tell us the brilliant past of the little pontifical republic, which,

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from the 14th century to the French Revolution, lived wealthy and free." Avignon possesses admirable works of art of all periods: the tomb of John XXII., in ogival style; the former *rétable* of the Celestins, a marvel of Renaissance style; the Hôtel Crillon, and the chapel of the Black Penitents, which belong to the 17th century; the chapel of the Virgin of Saint-Agricol, and the rooms of the Hôtel Villeneuve-Martignan, in the best style of the Provençal 18th century. Avignon has frescoes by Simone Memmi; pictures by Mignard and Parrocel; sculpture by Bernus and Peru. "But," insists M. André Hallays, "the original beauty of Avignon is its girdle of walls which Stendhal has described with admiration." The mayor of Avignon has formed a project to demolish them, and M. André Hallays has begun a campaign against this project. These beautiful walls have been saved once already, at the time when the Paris-Lyons-Marseilles Railroad was constructed; it is to be hoped that they will be saved again. If they are sacrificed, even in part, to the spirit of modern so-called improvements, it will not be the fault of the ardent and passionate lover of the past whose work we have read with the greatest interest.

Correspondence.

AMERICAN CONSULAR AGENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As an American Consular Agent and a subscriber to the *Nation*, who recognizes its reputation for fairmindedness, permit me to suggest that, in your editorial of July 27, you may be doing Mr. Dolge serious injustice.

All Consular Agents are permitted and expected to engage in trade. They are not Consuls in the strict sense of the word, but correspond to the Trading Vice-Consuls of the English service. They have no fixed salary, may not communicate direct with the Department of State, and are responsible to the Government only through the Consul or Consul-General in whose district they act. A Consular Agent is, in fact, simply the agent of his superior officer, appointed for the convenience of merchants and travellers, to a post within the district of the principal Consulate, but usually at some distance from it. His compensation is one-half the official fees paid into the agency per year, unless the total of such fees exceeds $2,000, in which case the surplus is turned into the Treasury. He also retains such fees as he may receive when acting in a notarial capacity. He is not entitled to any office allowance, furniture, or even stationery.

In nearly every case the Consular Agent is a trader who, for the sake of the fees he may or may not receive, and for the slight prestige which always accompanies an official position of any sort, has volunteered to act as a Consular officer. Such a Consular Agent is not indebted to his official position for his commercial prosperity, but, on the contrary, often owes his official position to his business standing. This privilege to engage in trade which the Government extends to Consular Agents, is not only not regrettable, but, under existing conditions, desirable and even necessary. By it the Department of State is able to maintain, without aid from the Treasury, 387 Consular Agencies scattered throughout the world, while the Consulates and Consulates-General in regular standing number only 331.

For the purpose for which Mr. Dolge was named Consular Agent at Caracas, it is a matter of minor importance whether he conducts his official business in the office of his laundry or elsewhere. His nationality doubtless had something to do with his appointment, since, although most Consular Agents are foreigners, the Department of State selects Americans whenever possible. The Consular Agency at Caracas is one of the four over which the Consulate at La Guaira has control. For the year ending June 30, 1904, the official fees amounted to $783, half of which went to Mr. Dolge as his compensation for the year. There were no notarial fees. Mr. Dolge received his nomination in 1904, while Mr. Bowen succeeded Mr. Loomis as Minister to Venezuela in 1901. M.

SWEETS AND BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A book called 'The Candy-Maker,' published in New York city, tells us how a taste for ice cream can often be developed in a community where perhaps it had been before unknown. One might ask himself a similar question: How to develop a taste for good literature? I have no suggestion to offer, but, as I am a foreigner and spent my childhood days abroad, it is possible that some of my observations will be of interest to Americans.

I have sat hours in a variety store in New England, watching the children buying candy, but, although my observations run through a long period of years, I cannot remember a single case of a child asking for a book. It is true that they keep only dime novels in such a store, but the storekeeper has always a memorandum-book in which he notes the articles for which there is a demand if they happen not to be in his store. A German lady who spent forty years in this country would often ask me, after a visit to an American friend of hers, What do they do in their bookless house? Now when I was a boy abroad, we often spent our pin money on regular study-books, such as in chemistry or in botany, or a grammar of a foreign language, etc. A short time ago I procured a Botany of a certain region, and immediately recognized it as the same one I bought while a child. What pleasant memories it recalled! I fancied myself standing again before a *Parnassia palustris* or an *Epilobium angustifolium* with that selfsame book in my hand. Verily, I say unto you, I derived as much pleasure from it as an American boy from swallowing his candy. I still follow the same pursuit, and am as unable as ever to answer the usual question, what is my object in doing it.

εἰς τὸν λειμῶνα καθίσας
ἕδρεπεν ἕτερον ἐφ' ἑτέρῳ αἱρόμενος
ἄγρευμ' ἀνθέων ἡδομένᾳ ψυχῇ,
τὸ νήπιον ἄπληστον ἔχων.

One of my chums bought on a similar occasion a copy of Virgil in Latin and learned it by heart. I have known people doubt a similar trait told about Euler. *Infer digitum tuum huc et noli esse incredulus, sed fidelis.* How many times I saw him, when asked to translate a passage in Virgil, take any book which happened to be at hand—an Algebra or a Physics—and translate from it his lesson in Virgil. Books in physics and chemistry were bought by the score, and the experiments described therein performed. While rummaging through the library of a teacher in a normal school in this country, I found as a rule only old books—a heirloom from her parents; and when a new book came to light, a card was sure to fall out from it indicating that it was a present from a friend. How often does one in this country encounter an elderly gentleman reading a book? I have often seen a former teacher taking a book out of her husband's hand, simply because, to her mind, it was an indication that he was growing childish. It is so seldom that one meets here a person who likes reading books that I do not wonder at my New England landlady telling me some time ago that I was nothing but a book. But I am afraid I have said enough already to arouse the anger of the Agrigentines, so that it is time to put a stop.

Πότερα θέλεις σοι μαλθακὰ ψευδῆ λέγω.
ἢ σκληρ' ἀληθῆ;
Ἀτὰρ σιωπᾶν τά γε δίκαι' οὐ χρή ποτε.

Yours very respectfully,

O. T.

August 18, 1905.

THE VIRGINIA JOURNALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I thank you for your kind mention of the Journals of the Virginia House of Burgesses, which appears in the issue of the *Nation* of August 17. We are exceedingly grateful to you for this compliment, which will add much to the interest of the book, both at home and abroad.

One matter I should like to call your attention to is the statement that the "letters from Alexandria, Dumfries, Williamsburg, Fredericksburg and Baltimore are not to be found in the volume of the Journals." These letters were resolutions of similar committees at the points in question, and do not form part of the work of the Committee of Correspondence of Virginia. There are numerous letters of this kind and resolutions from other points throughout the Colonies that were forwarded from time to time, and it was apparently the duty of the consignee to forward such papers as fell into his hands to the nearest point where any interest was shown in the work of such committees. A number of these letters are here in this Library, from Boston, Philadelphia, Annapolis, and other places, not addressed to the Committee of Correspondence of Virginia, but simply enclosed as evidence of action at the points in question. The Calendar of State Papers contains four or five of these, and excludes probably ten times as many more, and the records of the Committee of Correspondence of Virginia, as transcribed in the Minute Book of that organization, do not contain a single letter or resolution that is not to be found in the Journals of the Burgesses as edited by me. I call your attention to this fact since they were purposely excluded for reasons above stated.

The original Journal of the Committee of Correspondence does not contain an entry

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under date of May 30, 1774; hence the action taken by the twenty-five late representatives was not an action of the Committee of Correspondence. These twenty-five men met in the old Raleigh Tavern, and, as twenty-five was not a quorum, their action was simply in the form of a resolution, and their minutes were not deemed a part of the minutes of the Committee of Correspondence. The value of the paper, however, is important, and it might have been placed in the preface with good results.

I would further add that the original Journal of the Committee of Correspondence is in perfect order, and their transcripts are clearly legible. We have copied the entire work, and, so far as recognized by the Committee of Correspondence at the time, have published their complete records.

Yours very respectfully,

JOHN P. KENNEDY,
Librarian.

RICHMOND, VA., August 21, 1905.

Notes.

Mr. Albert Cook Myers, of Kennett Square, Pa., gives notice in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* for July that he is preparing a companion work to his 'Immigration of the Irish Quakers into Pennsylvania,' namely, one dealing similarly with the immigration of the English Quakers into Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Mr. Myers desires any documentary aid that may be offered in the shape of old diaries, journals, letters, and the like, with views of old Quaker houses in England of the seventeenth century.

Mr. J. F. Muirhead writes to us that he would be grateful for corrections or suggestions for the third edition of 'Baedeker's Handbook to Canada,' which he is now preparing. These may be sent him in care of Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Avenue, New York.

We read in *Polybiblion* for July that the catalogue of anonymous works on the history of France in the Bibliothèque Nationale now in progress, with volume one about to be put in use, will consist of three volumes. The first will alphabetize the personal names which occur in the titles of such works; the second will do the same by geographical names; and the third will include under various headings works not already comprehended. M. Levallois is in charge of the enterprise. *Polybiblion* also makes merry over the literature that has grown up regarding the authorship of the seventh stanza of the "Marseillaise," the veteran polemist being M. E.-J. Savigné, mayor of Sainte-Colombé-les-Vienne, who stands up for the Abbé Pessonneaux, as Anatole France for Louis du Bois. His latest brochure is entitled 'Un Couplet de la Marseillaise et l'Abbé Pessonneaux; Preuves Authentiques et Définitives.'

Shortly forthcoming from Macmillan Co. are 'Colonial Administration,' by Prof. Paul S. Reinsch; the fourth volume of Herbert Paul's 'History of England,' and the sixth and last of Austin Dobson's edition of the 'Diary and Letters of Mme. D'Arblay'; 'Andrew Marvell,' by Augustine Birrell; 'Abbotsford,' by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, 'The English Lakes,' by A. Heaton Cooper, and 'The Scenery of London,' by G. E. Mitton, all illustrated in color; and a Life of Wagner by John F. Runciman.

Messrs. Putnam promise 'Sex and Character,' by the late Otto Weininger; a translation of Julius Wolff's poem, 'The Wild Huntsman,' by Ralph Davidson; 'Mohammed and the Rise of Islam,' by the Rev. David Samuel Margoliouth, Laudian Professor of Arabic at Oxford; 'The Companionship of Books,' by the Rev. Frederick Rowland Marvin; and a work on Kate Greenaway by M. H. Spielmann.

'A Southern Girl in '61,' by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, daughter of Senator Wigfall of Texas, and 'The Jewish Spectre,' by George H. Warner, are announced by Doubleday, Page & Co.

We have now three biographies of Lord Elgin. In the 'Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin,' by Theodore Walrond, the documents are connected by narrative, and the work is an excellent portrait of this eminent servant of the British Empire. The Life by the late Sir John George Bourinot, Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, reviewed at the time of its publication in this journal, is one of a series of "Makers of Canada," and treats the subject specially from that point of view. The new Life ('The Earl of Elgin'), by Professor Wrong of Toronto University, is also one of a series, Methuen's "Colonial Library," and is a full narrative of the whole of Lord Elgin's career. Mr. Wrong has some new matter in the shape of privately printed letters, and his preface suggests that fresh light has been recently thrown on the importance of Lord Elgin as the builder of Colonial institutions and as the first British negotiator with Japan.

There lies on our table a copy of the Catalogue of the Woodside District Library, one of the system instituted by the municipality of Glasgow after the pattern of the branches of our New York Library, and likewise provided with buildings by the munificence of Mr. Carnegie. It is a neat, compact, and handsomely printed little volume, alphabetically arranged, with classification and analysis. A curious policy, against which gifts and acquisitions will constantly tell, is to furnish each branch library with different works on "specific subjects, as, for example, astronomy, or the French Revolution, or domestic economy"; thus forcing the reader to seek in the catalogues of the other branches (always on hand at each) what he wants besides what he finds. This does not seem to befit the age of card catalogues, even though provision is made for drawing upon any given branch library from any other. If Rousseau comes under the head of French Revolution, we remark that his 'Social Contract' is the only one of his works allotted to the Woodside District, and that in English. In other respects the catalogue exhibits the disproportions and omissions of brand-new libraries.

We have received the stately 'Quinquennial Catalogue of the Officers and Graduates of Harvard University, 1636-1905' and the companion Quinquennial Catalogue of the University's Law School, 1817-1904. Surely, of all lists of names, these belong in a class which may well challenge the highest veneration of mankind. They differ from catalogues of authors, for example, in possessing a thread —rather, a cable—of unity, spun by many generations of discipline to the genius of learning in one spot. To this spot, moreover, have been drawn, in Harvard's case, a large percentage from other States than Massachusetts or sections than New England, and no inconsiderable (in fact, a highly signficant) proportion from foreign parts. Take only the letter K, with its Kaan, Kagan, Kahn, Kahnweiler, Kallen, Kalopothakes, Kaneko, Kangisser, Kanthlener, Katigbak, Kattenhorn, Katzmann, Keleher, Keough, Keown, Kerans, Kimura, Kishimoto, Knudsen, Kofoid, Komura, Kozaki, Krokyn, Kurino—a mere skimming of surnames within the past thirty years that would have made the Puritan founders of the University stare and gasp, though in 1769 we encounter Kast and in 1768 Keous. Much curious reflection arises on studying the *novi homines* who still remain a single entry in the index. How does it happen, again, that a name so familiar as Bascom should show but two representatives (1768, 1802), and none for a century? Will the prime and solitary entry Boodro (1899) blossom out in time in such array as present Bradford or Coolidge? The Harvard Law School Catalogue lists 8,509 names. The oldest living graduate is Daniel Tarbox Jewett, class of 1833, still practising law in St. Louis in his ninety-ninth year.

The fifty-fourth annual issue of Otto Hübner's useful little 'Geographisch-statistische Tabellen' for all countries has just appeared (Frankfort: H. Keller; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The editor, Dr. Juraschek, has been tempted to obliterate Korea and reëstablish Norway, in view of impending events, but has refrained. From the latest censuses he computes the population of Europe at a round 401,500,000; and of the whole earth at 1,525,000,000. European emigration, he observes, has now taken on the dimensions of a tribal or racial displacement; in 1903 it passed the million mark, from having been less than 440,000 in 1898. Especially striking are the tables at the end, showing the social composition of Russia's population, according to the census of 1897, with a hereditary nobility of 1,221,939, a bourgeoisie of 13,391,666, a peasantry of 96,943,857, and some 14,000,000 unclassified; the principal religious sects, with fewer Jews than Lutherans; and the chief nationalities" by "governments"—truly a conglomeration, from Greeks to Kalmuks, Finns to Chinese, Tartars to Germans, Bulgarians to Ostiaks.

Secretary Taft's defence of the Philippine Administration against its critics, especially Mr. Alleyne Ireland, is the leading article of the *National Geographic Magazine* for August. But for the writer's position, it would be unworthy of further notice, so unqualified is he, from either ignorance or prejudice, to discuss questions involving the British colonial policy. In justification of the use of English in education, which is his principal topic, he says: "We have in the Philippines a much severer struggle to teach the Filipinos than they would have . . . in India, because we have a people who have no common language that is fit to be used by a civilized people," there being "twelve different dialects or languages in the Philippines." The statement is one which provokes a smile when one remembers that Lord Curzon governs fourteen distinct races speaking seventy-eight

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different languages and dialects. There is the further implication that the reason why English is not taught in the elementary schools in India is that the British policy is to keep the Indian in subjection; and Secretary Taft states distinctly that he is "not aware as yet of any attempt on the part of England" to educate the people of tropical countries "up to the point where they may be capable of self-government." It is hard to treat such assertions seriously, in view of the Baboo product of English education in India, and the knowledge of the fact that the universal conviction of all well-informed Englishmen in India, from Lord Curzon down to the humblest missionary, is that the true development of the Indian mind and character can come only through his education, when a child, in his native language; for which reason, English in the elementary schools is prohibited. Our policy of having a large number of American officials is defended on the ground that this system gives the Filipinos an education in partial self-government. The English method of governing by a few responsible officials, the Secretary regards as simple despotism, utterly ignoring the fact that the English policy is to govern through the natives, maintaining native laws and customs so long as they do not conflict with natural rights, and thus affording the highest possible training in self-government, and one which is bearing fruit throughout India, but especially in the municipalities.

A sketch of the present condition of our knowledge of the ocean is given in the *Annales de Géographie* for July, with graphic pictures of the life revealed to us by the researches especially of the "Mæcenas of Oceanography," the Prince of Monaco, and, we may add, Prof. Alexander Agassiz. There are regions in which are colonies of Gorgonia grouped together and forming at great depths on the ocean floor veritable phosphorescent forests, oases of light in the midst of a desert of infinite shadow. There are fishes of strange forms which, like phantom ships, suddenly shoot colored rays athwart the ocean night. A practical side to these studies, as shown in the oceanographic conference held in Paris last winter, is the aid which they give to the fishing industries. The article on the forestry question in Spain has a special interest at the present time. The fact that there is no part of Europe so barren of forests as the Iberian peninsula is an evidence of Spanish decadence, for their value was known and appreciated centuries ago in Spain as perhaps in no other country. The great Alfonso X., *el Sabio*, in the thirteenth century, enacted laws for their preservation. In 1496 a decree was issued enjoining the communes to keep their woods in good condition, and prohibiting the felling of a single tree without the special authorization of the Prince. Now, several societies have been formed for the purpose of reforesting the land, and a Fiesta del Arbol is kept in many places in imitation of our Arbor Day, at which time the public-school children plant trees. In the region about Barcelona, which is the centre of the movement, 174,000 trees have been planted in the last five years.

A sympathetic sketch of the life of the late Desiderio Chilovi, librarian of the Central National Library in Florence, who died on June 7, or but a fortnight after his seventieth birthday had been honored on May 23, accompanies the latest issue of his *Bollettino* from the pen of S. Morpurgo. A pleasing portrait stands at the head, and Chilovi's bookplate, with its campanile, harking back to his birthplace in the Trentino, at the end. He had served the Library for forty years, and died before he could behold the new building which he had promoted with untiring energy. His writings were in his latter years—a 'Cronaca di un Idillio,' reminiscences of his childhood: 'Rosa Silna,' an unpublished patriotic romance, laid in the Trentino and in Bohemia. He even contemplated a burlesque comedietta, and two children's books, one of which was to be a narration in epistolary form, but the letters to be facsimiled from the MS. to excite greater interest.

There are always new questions for the overtaxed managers of institutions to be bothered about. The Bates College corporation is to ask the Maine Legislature to repeal that provision of its charter which requires that the president and a majority of the Board of Fellows and of the Board of Overseers shall be members of some Baptist church. The apparent object of this movement is to enable the college to share in the pensions of the Carnegie foundation. But (aside from conscientious scruples to the effect that education ought to be preponderatingly Baptist any way) how is one to know that when a college ceases to be denominational, it may not cut off denominational subscriptions and donations, the result of devout self-sacrifice on the part of pious adherents, to such an extent as to counterbalance what the Carnegie Fund might be able to do for possible long-lived professors? Here is surely a knotty question.

The prevention of senility was the subject of a suggestive address by Sir James Crichton Browne before the Royal Institute of Public Health at its fourteenth annual congress. While not denying the fact that the most vigorous period of human life in its entirety was between twenty-five and forty years of age, he maintained that to say with Professor Osler that men above the latter age were comparatively useless, was to fly in the face of the biographical dictionary. After citing numerous instances in almost every department of human activity in refutation of this age-limit, he said that were a balance struck between the truly great and effectual achievements of men at from thirty to forty on the one hand and forty to fifty on the other, he should be inclined to think that, in proportion to the numbers living in those two decades respectively, the advantage would be with the latter, not only in magnitude but in profitableness to mankind. Long after fifty, and even sixty, contributions had been made of inestimable value to knowledge and the arts and sciences. In reference to the question how the processes of decay could be checked, he said that it was a good working hypothesis that the natural life of man was a century, and that every child should be brought up impressed with the obligation to live to one hundred, and should be taught faithful obedience to the laws of health by which the irregularities that tended to frustrate that laudable ambition would be avoided. By this means a century of life might be attained, and attained in health and vigor.

The sixth annual convention of the National German Association for School Hygiene, at its meeting in Stuttgart, spoke out plainly against the overburdening of pupils in the middle and higher classes of the public schools. The Prussian schedule, which is generally the model for all Germany, demands an average of school work of six and one-half hours for six days in the week—on some days as much as eight hours' school attendance being required. The Association declares this too much, for pedagogical reasons, making it impossible for pupils to do home work or to acquire independent thinking, and still more harmful from a hygienic point of view. It agreed to a resolution favoring confining all the real study work to the morning hours, and reserving the afternoon for such work as drawing, singing, and especially for physical exercises, such as calisthenics, swimming, and games, and for work at home. This can be done if the recitation periods are limited to forty-five minutes, so that thirty-six weekly periods can be distributed over the six days. The assertion was made that in a number of schools this plan had been tried and proved a success; and the Association accordingly appealed directly to the school authorities to cooperate with the medical and educational societies of the country to bring about a general reform in this direction.

—The biography which Mrs. Colquhoun Grant has just published under the title 'A Mother of Czars' (Dutton) finds its central figure in Marie Feodorovna, wife of Paul I., and mother of Alexander I. and Nicholas I. Unlike Catherine the Great at all other points, this princess resembled her stepmother in being a German of little dynastic importance. And as Sophia Augusta of Anhalt-Zerbst had been baptized into the Greek Church under the name of Catherine, so Sophia Dorothea of Würtemberg became by act of second baptism Marie Feodorovna. In studying the career of her heroine, Mrs. Grant does not pretend to have consulted Russian authorities, but takes virtually all her data from French sources. As a result, the contribution which she makes to historical knowledge is slight; and even as an adaptation of French memoirs her book is open to some criticism on technical grounds. This, however, is not to deny the usefulness of such a work in our present state of ignorance regarding nine-tenths of the Romanoffs and their wives. Mrs. Grant relies chiefly upon the life of the Baronne d'Oberkirch as edited by the Comte de Montbrisson, and devotes nearly half her space to an account of the trip which the Grand Duke Paul and his Duchess made throughout Western Europe in 1781. This portion of the narrative relates chiefly to the court of Louis XV., and depicts a kind of life which has been written of in a thousand memoirs. The action becomes somewhat more interesting on the return of Marie and her husband to Russia, but the details of their life during the latter part of Catherine's reign are hurried over, nor are we furnished with a very spirited account of Paul's assassination. Under the régime of her sons, the Dowager-Empress was treated with great respect, and exercised much more influence than she had had during the life of her husband. For personal virtue she offered a brilliant contrast to Catherine, but in saying this one

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has spoken her chief praise. Mrs. Grant calls her "brave and steadfast," but she is not a woman to catch the attention among those great dames who put the best enthusiasm of their hearts into the struggle against Napoleon. Neither as a study of personality nor as an historical monograph can this volume be praised with much heartiness, but in our present dearth of books on Russian subjects it deserves to be known by those who feel a curiosity in the personal fortunes of the Romanoffs.

—'Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation,' by Edith Sichel (Dutton), embraces fifteen chapters or separate essays on the period of the later Renaissance in France. While all three studies are made to centre round the figure of the Queen, a number of other well-known personages, like Diane de Poitiers, Jeanne de Navarre, Ronsard, and Bernard Palissy stand out prominently in the grouping of characters. With all of Miss Sichel's sweeping generalizations we are unable to agree, and some of them seem to us rather destitute of meaning, or at least to have the sound of logomachies. Take, for example, the following sentence: "Every movement has its person, its representative; and since men are entangled in actions, and actions disguise motives, it is in women, the clear mirrors of current feelings and tendencies, that integral types of an age will be found." This is a singular statement to make in a book which deals with a woman so immersed in action as was Catherine de Médicis; and, quite apart from such a contradiction in terms, the antithesis is not very illuminating. Nor are we assisted by the remainder of the same passage: "In Italy the prevailing corruption was so subtly interwoven with poetry, its women were surrounded by so rich a glamour, that real outlines are hard to distinguish; but in France, with its brilliant skepticism, its dry, scintillating atmosphere of matter-of-factness, types stand out as crisp and lucid as French aphorisms. In France, therefore, we shall not be slow to find figures that sum up whole periods; women who are, as it were, epigrams, expressive of profound experience." Catherine de Médicis has been called by a large variety of names, many of them uncomplimentary, but we doubt whether she has ever yet been called anything so unusual as an "epigram expressive of profound experience." We pause to illustrate a style of utterance which is not rare in this volume, and which detracts to some extent from the favorable impression one forms of the writer's more solid qualities. Miss Sichel has read widely in the memoirs of the later Valois period, and is familiar with the leading phases of the later Renaissance in other countries; but when she gives way to her love of ample language, one loses sight for the moment of her attainments and the appreciation of character which is shown in many passages. We also notice here and there signs of carelessness in the form of statement, as where it is said (p. 23) that the marriage of Henry with Margaret took place two days before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Having made the foregoing cavils, we are free to say something more pleasant in conclusion. Miss Sichel's essays are interesting, and the book as a whole marks a distinct advance on the author's 'Household of the Lafayettes.'

—Prof. P. Hume Brown is one of the few authors who can deny themselves the pleasure of writing a preface, and his 'Scotland in the Time of Queen Mary' (Methuen) is left to explain its chief motive as it advances. From a brief allusion in the text we infer that the six chapters of this book were originally six lectures delivered before the Society of Antiquaries, but the reference in question owes its chief importance to a statement which bears upon the title. Obviously, it would be a simple matter to weave John Knox, Maitland of Lethington, and many other celebrated persons into a work on Scotland in the days of Mary Stuart; but these leaders and the policies they stand for are put altogether aside to make room for the physical, social, and economic aspects of the country as it was during the second half of the sixteenth century. Even Mary herself is obliterated to gain space for a sketch of national life. "What," says Professor Brown, "were called in her own day the 'strange accidentis' of her public and personal career, were mere eddies in the irresistible stream which bore her people onward to fulfil 'the orb of their fate.'" When one begins to dissect a community as the people of Scotland are dissected and analyzed in the present volume, it is easy to become immersed in details and to lose sight of the town for the houses. But Professor Brown supports one proposition which gives a certain unity to all the multifarious pieces of information he has brought together concerning the state of the land, the appearance of villages and towns, the industrial conditions and the amusements of the masses. This is the statement that before the Reformation Scotland had no real nationality. "Previous to the great religious conflict there never was an issue before the Scottish people that went deep enough to elicit the conflicting instincts and tendencies which must be awakened before what we call a nation becomes possible." The War of Independence, though it had stimulated a national sentiment, is not permitted by Professor Brown to rank with the Reformation as a formative agency, because in the fourteenth century the Scottish people were still in a rudimentary stage of development. The range of topics here treated is extensive, but we shall single out only two subjects for special mention. Professor Brown's account of Scotland as it appeared to foreigners and his description of town life are both excellent pieces of workmanship in historical mosaic. Addressed in their first form to antiquaries, these six chapters should be in the hands of all who would know what manner of country Scotland was when it passed through the most acute spiritual crisis of its history.

—In almost every Italian town there is a group of painstaking, intelligent scholars who devote their lives to the study of its records and monuments, seeking no other reward than the consciousness of work well done. Their writings, frequently of the greatest value, are published, as a rule, in some local magazine, some "Bollettino" or "Miscellanea di Storia Patria," which, circulating almost exclusively among *eruditi* like themselves, is, as often as not, very difficult to procure after the lapse of a year or two. Under these circumstances, it will probably be useful to call attention to the work of Prof. G. Degli Azzi Vitelleschi on the relations of the Republic of Florence with the Guelph communes of Umbria during the fourteenth century ('Le Relazioni tra la Repubblica di Firenze e l'Umbria nel secolo xiv., secondo i documenti del R. Archivio di Stato di Firenze'). The first volume, which, as yet, alone is published (Perugia: Unione Tipografica Coöperativa), contains a "Regesto" of all the letters (*carteggi*) preserved among the Florentine archives which passed between the magistrates of Florence and those of Perugia, Orvieto, Città di Castello, Gubbio, and other Umbrian cities, from 1309 to 1400. The "Regesto" is preceded by a preface, which is a masterpiece of clearness and condensation, and is followed by an appendix containing a list of the Umbrian magistrates who, whether as Potestà, Captains of the People, or Executors of the Ordinances of Justice, bore rule in Florence during the fourteenth century. There is also a very complete index. The name and reputation of the author are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence and accuracy of a work which cannot fail to prove highly acceptable to students of the Trecento; the more so because the letters which it contains help us to make good many of those deplorable gaps which exist in the precious *Annali Decemvirali* of Perugia during the period in question.

GEOLOGY AND LANDSCAPE.

Landscape and History, and Other Essays. By Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., D.C.L. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

There is always a measure of risk incident to the republication of magazine articles by a man of established reputation, for he is judged, and rightly judged, by the standard of his books, and he suffers if the collected articles fall below that standard. In the present instance, however, this procedure will certainly not injure, if it does not materially raise, the credit which Sir Archibald Geikie has won for himself as a clear and agreeable writer on scientific subjects, no less than as an independent investigator. The essays fall into three classes. One deals with landscape and its relations to historical events and to literature. A second class is purely technical, and handles several geological problems, such as the age of our planet and the rival theories which used to be associated with the names of Hutton and Werner, and used to be popularly called the Plutonian and Neptunian hypotheses. The third includes two biographical sketches, of Charles Darwin and of Hugh Miller respectively. There is also one essay, not strictly referable to any of the foregoing divisions, which examines a question of great present actuality—the position of scientific study in education, and the extent to which it can be made to furnish a training in the higher mental faculties and aptitudes. Thus something is provided for every kind of reader—for the man of science, for the student of history, and for the intelligent amateur. On the whole, however, the essays are popular, rather than technical; and there is very little in them beyond the reach of the average educated man, who nowadays knows more about the more obvious and surface-lying facts of national science than he did even twenty years ago, increasingly difficult as the underlying principles have become.

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The first essay, entitled "Landscape in History," though it gives its name to the volume, and has some suggestive remarks upon the changes in the surface of countries which have to be regarded by the historian as conditioning the events he describes, is to us less interesting, because touching a more familiar theme, than the third, called "Landscape and Literature." This essay deals with the influence which the external aspects of nature have exerted upon poets who have in modern times shown themselves sensitive to impressions of natural beauty. Among these poets, one of the earliest was James Thomson, author of the once famous 'Seasons,' a work which, it is to be feared, is now but little read either in America or in England. Thomson was a Scotchman, born in A. D. 1700, in Roxburghshire, "within hearing of the ripple of the Tweed, within sight of the Cheviot and Lammermair Hills, and in a region famous in Border ballad and song." Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his admirable 'Primer of English Literature,' perhaps the most original and illuminative effort to deal with a vast literary subject in very small compass that our generation has seen, makes the remark that the love of nature and the feeling for natural beauty have been far stronger in the Scotch poets than in those of South Britain, and suggests that the larger strain of Celtic blood may have something to do with this, as it is certainly true that there is more feeling for nature in primitive Celtic literature than in the primitive literature of the Teutonic peoples. Thomson is a case in point. He was a younger contemporary of Addison, Prior and Pope, but how different! His 'Winter,' published in 1725, is full of Scottish Lowland landscape, and brings into English poetry an appreciation of natural beauty which does not take root there until we find it first in Gray, who belongs to the next generation, and then, much more developed, in the still younger Cowper.

Sir A. Geikie has some excellent observations on the kinds of landscape which Thomson and Cowper described. He shows how Thomson's earlier descriptions are entirely of Scottish scenery, and how, when the poet had come to know England, he began to appreciate its softer landscapes, and to paint them with equal exactness and felicity. Cowper's life, during its productive period, was largely spent in the valley (or rather plain) traversed by the English Ouse, the Ouse of Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire—a region comparatively featureless, with wide stretches of level or slightly undulating land, and broad, slow-moving streams.

"The scenery of the Ouse Valley," says our author (p. 84), "is thoroughly characteristic of the southern lowlands. The ground lies on limestones and clays, belonging to the oolitic series, which, though they have been greatly denuded, have yielded in a generally equable manner to the progress of decay. They possess no such differences of structure as to allow one part of them to project in crag or scar above the rest. They have been worn down into a gently undulating plateau or plain, covered with cornfields and pastures, and dotted with occasional woods and 'spinnies' or patches of trees. Farms and villages diversify the landscape, while to the north lies the forest-like expanse of Yardley Chase. Through this champaign the River Ouse has cut for itself a winding valley, the bottom of which, quite flat, and from a few hundred yards to upwards of a mile in breadth, lies rather more than a hundred feet below the general level of the country. Along the flat alluvial plain, the stream, flowing sluggishly among rushes and sedges, curves in circuitous bends, often dividing so as to enclose insular patches of meadow, which it entirely overspreads in times of flood. The slopes rise softly from the river plain, now projecting, now retreating, as the valley winds from side to side. A gentle ascent brings us from the banks of the Ouse up to the highest part of the ground in the vicinity, and places before our eyes a wide sweep of rich agricultural country, with peeps of village spires and gleams of the winding river."

This picture of the landscape that lay before Cowper, which we have quoted as a sample of Sir A. Geikie's descriptive style, is followed by passages extracted from Cowper's 'Task,' passages too long to be repeated here, which show how well he discerned and reproduced what met his eyes. The same method is applied with no less care and skill to the poetry of Robert Burns, who lived even closer to nature, and was more intimately touched by her moods, as one may see by his half-complaints that she did not respond to his own moods. The opening lines of his famous and, in its way, unsurpassed "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" are an example. Sir Archibald well notes that

"the landscapes of Burns are marked by some curious limitations. Though he was born within sight of the picturesque mountain group of Arran, it does not come within his poetic outlook. [This was remarked by Wordsworth.] Though the craggy ocean pyramid of the Clyde rose so stupendously from the firth in front of him, he makes no use of it further than to tell how 'Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig.' Indeed, if we examine his treatment of scenery, we may observe that it is the nearer detail that appeals to him. His pictures are exquisite foregrounds, with seldom any distinct distance."

"Deaf as Ailsa Craig" was probably a proverbial phrase among the Ayrshire folk who saw this great, grim rock rise before them out of the weltering waves. Perhaps the reason why the splendid peaks of Arran twenty or thirty miles away did not touch Burns, was because his sense of scenery is so intensely subjective. For him, it must be associated with human emotion. One must be in the midst of it to feel it. The granite pinnacles of Arran had nothing to do with the life of the poet or his companions. When one comes to a reflective and philosophical poet, such as was Coleridge or Wordsworth, the case becomes different, and the distant landscape tells upon the spirit quite as much as do the sights and sounds hard by. With Wordsworth and the scenery of the Lake Country, Sir Archibald deals briefly, but well; and then passes on to a less familiar but interesting theme in his remarks upon the landscape of the Western Highlands of Scotland in its relations to the so-called Ossianic poems. Hard as it may be to discriminate between the really ancient element in those poems and that which was introduced by James Macpherson, himself a Highlander, there is doubtless not only a fidelity to nature in them, but even a certain measure of the old Celtic sentiment about nature, as we have it in undoubted fragments of old Celtic writers like St. Columba.

The fourth essay, "On the Origin of the Scenery of the British Islands," is more distinctly scientific in subject and treatment than the first three. Taking the mountains, the table-lands, the valleys and the plains of Great Britain, our author examines the geological causes which have made these what they are, and incidentally deals also with the divide which runs through the island from south to north, with the lakes, and with the coast line. He dwells chiefly upon the forces and influences which have laid out and moulded the present surface, but touches also on the character of the scenery as the result of those forces. It need hardly be said that he is a leading apostle of the modern school which attributes nearly all of the features of the surface of country, as we see it now, to denudation; that is, to the action of water and of weather generally upon the solid earth. It follows from this that the orographic character of a region, the heights of its hills and the arrangement of its valleys, is often not what we should expect from its geological structure. Sir A. Geikie illustrates this from the case of the Lake District in the North of England, and similarly remarks, as regards the Scottish Highlands:

"The present ridges and valleys of the Highlands are entirely the work of erosion. When they began to be traced, the area probably presented the appearance of a wide, undulating table-land. Since that early time the valleys have sunk deeper and deeper into the framework of the land, the ridges have grown narrower, and the mountains have arisen, not by upheaval from below, but by the carving away of the rest of the block of which they formed a part. In this evolution, geological structure has played an important part in guiding the erosive tools. The composition of the rock-masses has likewise been effective in determining the individuality of the mountain forms."

It must of course be remembered, as the last two sentences of this extract convey, that the character of a rock has a great deal to do with the final aspect of the surface—that is to say, with the aspect of the landscape. The hard rocks yield to the weather much more slowly than do the softer ones. They are usually more unequal in the degree of hardness which particular parts show, so that, when they wear down under climatic influences, some parts resist longer than others, and remain as bold, possibly precipitous, heights. Moreover, their crystalline structure gives to different sorts of rock a different fracture, and causes the forms which are so characteristic of such rocks as gneiss, granite, trap, porphyry, carboniferous or Jurassic limestone. Rock study is an essential element in the comprehension of scenery, though comparatively few landscape painters have troubled themselves with it. J. M. W. Turner did; and from his pictures you can generally discover what is the rock of the country which he is painting, if it be a hilly country.

The ordinary observer finds it hard to believe that the action of weather and of streams can have caused those striking inequalities of surface which one sees in such regions as the Highlands of Scotland, or the Alps, or the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada. The time required is almost unthinkably vast. To this question of geological time, there is devoted an interesting essay, the sixth, composed as an address delivered to the geological section of the British Association at its meeting of 1899. A controversy arose upon the subject more than thirty years ago, initiated by William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) when he argued from physicial and astronomical data that the age of our planet could not be nearly so great as most recent

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geologists had believed. Hutton, one of the most illustrious among the founders of the science, could find no trace of a beginning, no rocks which could be even plausibly regarded as being the earliest formed. And since Hutton's time both geologists and the disciples of Charles Darwin, who need enormous periods of time for the formation of species upon the Darwinian lines, have continued to assume enormous periods of time for the bringing of the earth into its present condition; periods far exceeding thousands of millions of years. Lord Kelvin, however, who in 1868 was disposed to fix four hundred millions of years as a maximum, has now reduced his estimate to a lower figure, "something more than twenty and less than forty millions of years." Sir A. Geikie, in this essay, and in the fifth (address delivered as president of the British Association in 1892), sets out the ground on which geologists are justified in controverting Lord Kelvin's view. He holds that there is "no evidence to show that geological processes are now slower and feebler than they used to be," and that "nothing has yet been detected throughout the whole vast succession of sedimentary strata which necessarily demands that more violent and rapid action which physicists suppose to have been the order of nature during the past." The question is far too large and too difficult to be discussed in this place; but the considerations our author puts forward well deserve to be weighed. In his own demands for time, he is comparatively moderate, holding that "one hundred millions of years could suffice for that portion of the history which is registered in the stratified rocks of the earth's crust." He suggests that observations far more numerous and more exact than any yet made are needed before we can even approximately determine the rate at which sedimentation is proceeding in the sea and in lakes, and the rate at which subaerial denudation goes on in wearing down the surface of rocks and reducing the level of the surface generally.

Much interesting matter is to be found in the other essays, to which we have here no space to refer more particularly. None better deserves the attention of the intelligent traveller or historian than the last, which treats of the Roman Campagna; a region which the geologist loves because it presents so many curious phenomena of volcanic action and of the deposition of sedimentary rocks, and which has a still more exceptional interest for the student of history because few parts of the earth's surface have witnessed a longer series of remarkable events. Sir A. Geikie describes very clearly the forces by which the hills, and the undulating plain, and the course of the Tiber became what they now are, and suggests that the volcanic forces of which such abundant traces remain, may have been more active in the early days of the Roman city than we have been generally led to believe. The essay is one to which there might well be allotted a place in a good guide-book to Rome, for the traveller would find it most helpful in studying the scenery which he surveys from the top of Janiculum, or from the more commanding height of the Alban Mount.

THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN INGLESANT.'

Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse. Edited by his Wife. Two vols. Macmillan. 1905.

The volume of biography and correspondence which constitutes in every sense the better half of the publication before us amply confirms the impression already derived from Shorthouse's principal work, that his power resided rather in his moral nature than in his intellect. There is little in his letters or the records of his conversation that can be considered profound, striking, or even suggestive; and yet we do not tire of a succession of insignificances from whose confluence the vision of a character delicate without weakness, refined without effeminacy, and spiritual without pretension gradually evolves itself. We have to do with a Quaker Anglican, a man in whom the mysticism inbred in the genuine Quaker took the form of a veneration for sacramental symbolism, which made him a worshipper with the Church of England. Much about the same time another Friend, of character equally high and more masculine understanding, John Bellows, was recording his extreme thankfulness that the study of Barclay's 'Apology' had knitted him to Quakerism for ever. A comparative study of the two men would form an interesting chapter in religious psychology.

Shorthouse had certainly something to show for his conversion, for without it he would hardly have produced 'John Inglesant,' his one but sufficient title to celebrity. It may indeed be affirmed that a man capable of writing such a book could not but become an Anglican of the best type, no matter what his original creed. It is no uncommon experience (and, with the growth of culture and the study of the past, it will become more and more frequent) to encounter survivals from an antique period into a later one. Keats and Landor were such bequests from Greece and Rome, and Shorthouse displays a similar reversion to the seventeenth century. It is this, even more than the literary merit of 'John Inglesant,' that gives him an abiding place in literature. He fills a place occupied by no one else; he is the visible type of that remarkable reaction towards the monarchical and ecclesiastical ideals of the seventeenth century which has distinctly colored, though without largely modifying, English opinion in the nineteenth. In so far as it has denoted worship of the House of Stuart, this can only be stigmatized as idle and mischievous superstition; but reverence for the Cavalier ideal of loyalty, chivalry, and courtesy, and "the beauty of holiness," is a more respectable sentiment, and has enriched England's national life with elements it could ill have spared. In the first half of the nineteenth century it was deformed by much bigotry and unfairness; but the Puritan ideal also gradually worked its way, and Shorthouse, Anglican by taste and religious conviction, Latitudinarian by an innate spirit of equity, Nonconformist by ancestry, came just at the right time and in the right place to depict the age with justice to all its conflicting tendencies. This was his own conscious aim. He says in a letter to Mr. Gosse, April 1, 1883:

"When many years ago I began the book ['John Inglesant'], my principal, perhaps sole object was to endeavor for my own pleasure to realize, if possible, something of that exquisite age-spirit which combined all the finest feelings of our nature, and all the sympathies of our existence, with a certain picturesqueness of tone and result which seems to me to mark the seventeenth century."

It is the perfect accomplishment of this admirable design which gives Shorthouse an enduring place in literature. 'John Inglesant' might have been even a better novel than it is, and yet have failed to secure the author the permanent position which he holds as the representative of the movement of the English mind in the nineteenth century towards the seventeenth century of the pre-Restoration period. The thing is done now, and need not be repeated. It is the especial service of this memoir and letters to show how entirely Shorthouse belonged in spirit to the period of his predilection. Though a manufacturer of chemicals, and, as would appear, by no means inattentive to business, he appears just the kind of man whom we can imagine consorting with Wotton or Walton. It is not the political or military aspects of the age that chiefly interest him; like his own hero, had he taken part in the civil war, he would soon have become "sick and weary of the sight of fighting, and especially of plundering." His sympathy is with its spiritual conflicts, particularly the great problem which so beset the Anglican divines of that period, whether a reconciliation with Rome was possible or not. From one point of view 'John Inglesant' may be regarded as a solemn trial of this question, resulting in a negative verdict. This explains and justifies the transfer of scene to Italy, for only there could the case be fairly tried out. Nothing is more remarkable than the author's perfect fairness, so unlike that of the ordinary polemical novelist. The book has been not unreasonably described as a satire upon the Jesuits, but neither the Jesuits' persons nor their principles are ever represented in a ridiculous light. The same candor is evinced in the treatment of personages with whom the author has less sympathy, such as Hobbes and the paganizing Cardinal. Both are allowed to speak for themselves exactly as they would have spoken in real life.

The close association of 'John Inglesant' with the seventeenth century helps the book in another way, by justifying the romantic atmosphere which envelops it. No work of fiction is better entitled to the character of a romance. Every incident and every personage is more or less romantic—stands aside, that is, from the current of ordinary existence with a distinct deflection to the side of beauty and picturesqueness. In an age like ours, such a tendency might appear fanciful or artificial; but the first half of the seventeenth century actually was a romantic age, and receives more justice by being treated as such. Every minor detail is perfect: the main fault of the book is a fundamental flaw, inherent in the conception itself. It is inconceivable that the Jesuits, being such as they are described, and having such a pupil as Inglesant is described, should have failed to hold him. They could easily have subjected him to a discipline which would have made him entirely theirs, and unquestionably would have done so. It is true that if the story had taken this

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course it would not have represented the author's mind, and would not have been worth writing; we must feel, nevertheless, that its charm has been gained at the expense of truth to nature. There are too numerous indications of the subject having been read up, without living contact with it at first hand. In the astrological scene, for instance, Mercury is said to be going a square of the sun; but a square is an aspect of 90 degrees, and Mercury can never be further from the sun than 28. In the description of the conclave, a key is said to be given to the Bishop of Rome, as if there could be a Bishop of Rome during a Papal interregnum; nor was the late Pope Innocent the Tenth a kinsman of the Barberini. The mission to the Duke of Umbria, and the magnificent reward conferred upon Inglesant for doing nothing, delightfully as they are told, almost border upon the absurd; yet they are based upon a real transaction, the acquisition by the Papacy of the dominions of the last Duke of Urbino. But agents very different from Inglesant were employed in that business.

'John Inglesant' has been frequently compared with 'Marius the Epicurean,' and the parallel is not unreasonable. The relation between the books may be described as charm of story versus charm of style, and we must think that story carries it. Pater is a stronger and deeper thinker than Shorthouse, and a greater artist in words, but he lacks the especial qualities of the novelist. His story flags for lack of incident, while every page of 'Inglesant' tempts the reader on to the next. 'Marius' is in some measure a palinodia. Shorthouse, so far as can be judged by these letters, seems never to have retracted anything after he had worked his way to what he describes in 1880 as "a perfect toleration of and indifference to all creeds and opinions as alike the outcome of a central light." Beyond this one can hardly progress, and there seems much excuse for the unknown person who too dogmatically assured a friend of Shorthouse's that "the author of 'John Inglesant' would never write another book." It would have been better for his fame if he had not, as his later writings, though not devoid of interest, failed to impress the world, and left him as conspicuously as ever "the man of one book." This character will not be modified by the pleasing though in no way brilliant letters now published, or by the essays and tales which occupy the second volume, none of which can be called striking or original, though few are without some charming passages of description or feeling.

Russia. By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.L.E., K.C.V.O. Entirely new and much enlarged edition, revised, and in great part rewritten. With portrait of the Author and two colored maps. Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

Sir Donald Wallace's famous book is too well known and too highly prized to make it necessary for us to review at length this new edition. It remains only for us to inform our readers of the author's reason for issuing it, his aims, and the precise manner in which he has carried them out, in order that they may realize how a book of extreme value on a remarkably difficult subject has been rendered invaluable—nay, indispensable—for those who wish clearly to understand present conditions and future possibilities in the realm of the Tsar. In his latest Preface, the author tells us that it was originally his intention to write an entirely new work, embodying his more recent researches and observations; but, finding that constant reference to past events would be necessary, and that an enormous proportion of his former book must be included in the new one, he decided to recast and complete his old material. No decision could have been wiser; and it is in line with Sir Donald's usual good judgment, which, together with his keen comprehension of the really important factors and of what the public wished to know, formed the most salient characteristic of his original work.

The early chapters remain practically unaltered, occasional footnotes bringing the general subjects treated up to date. In the chapter on "The Village Priest" more is necessary. On page 61 (after omitting, on the previous page, an explanation of how the ikons gradually came, in many cases, to be almost entirely covered with metal plaques, representing clothing), the author adds an important exposition concerning the attitude of the Eastern Orthodox Church toward science, recasts the following paragraph, and amplifies the chapter with two pages of new matter, dealing with the present statistics of the clergy and the new type of parish priest now in process of evolution. The chapter on "Imperial Administration and Officials" illustrates in addition the process just described, and the same course has been adopted for several later sections; two pages have been transferred, bodily, from the former chapter on "Local Self-Government" to pages 342-4, greater clearness and consecutiveness of treatment being thereby secured. Rather an amusing omission follows the statement (p. 331) that the Russian Empire, "even at the present day, is far from being a compact, homogeneous State." In the original, the text proceeded thus: "In many respects, it resembles our Indian Empire more closely than a European country, and we all know what India would become if the strong, cohesive power of the Administration were withdrawn." But on page 337 the author counterbalances this by citing an instance of the "Circumlocution Office" in India, which precisely corresponds to the Russian method held up to criticism.

To the chapter on "Moscow and the Slavophils" Sir Donald adds a description of the coronation of the reigning Emperor, in 1896; and his recital of the effect produced upon him by the church music is worth quoting for its poetry and its accurate expressiveness:

> "Listening with intense emotion," he says, "I involuntarily recall to mind Fra Angelico's pictures of angelic choirs, and cannot help thinking that the pious old Florentine, whose soul was attuned to all that was sacred and beautiful, must have heard in imagination such music as this. So strong is the impression that the subsequent details of the long ceremony, including the anointment with the holy chrism, fail to engrave themselves on my memory."

Added paragraphs at the end of the chapter deal with present-day Slavophils. In addition to some rewriting, the chapter on "Landed Proprietors since Emancipation" has received extensive additions, whose importance will speedily be recognized when the reader reflects how much experience has been accumulated by those proprietors since the date of the original edition. The valuable augmentations of the following chapter on "The Emancipated Peasantry" are more than twice as voluminous as those just mentioned. The former chapter (which occurred early in the book) on "The New Local Self-Government" is replaced, at this later point, by one entitled "The Zemstvo and the Local Self-Government," containing a great mass of new matter so arranged that the logical sequence is much clearer. "The New Law Courts" has been brought down to date and recast extensively. Entirely new chapters have been added on "Revolutionary Nihilism and the Reaction," "Socialist Propaganda, Revolutionary Agitation, and Terrorism," "Industrial Progress and the Proletariat," "The Revolutionary Movement in its Latest Phase," and "The Present Situation." Sir Donald's well-known clarity of comprehension, arrangement, and statement have not failed him in treating these complicated topics; and his conspicuous fairness, as well as his reasonableness, wins the admiration of the reader, who feels that at last he has threaded his way intelligently through the dark labyrinth of Russian affairs. The chapter which originally concluded the book, on "Expansion and the Eastern Question," has been judiciously rewritten, brought down to last May under the title of "Territorial Expansion and Foreign Policy," and moved forward one place.

Sir Donald's final remark is that he is conscious he is offering a very lame and impotent conclusion, for which he pleads extenuating circumstances; and he declines to make any predictions, declaring that what the situation may be by the time his book is published he does not profess to see. Nevertheless, all that it is possible for any man to contribute to an understanding of that situation at any time in the future, he has succeeded, in the highest measure, in supplying by the firm foundation of this admirable volume.

Schubert. By Edmondstoune Duncan. E. P. Dutton. 1905.

While Franz Schubert had almost as great an influence on the course of music as Richard Wagner, the literature relating to the two is absurdly disproportionate in quantity. This is largely due to the scant relics of the great song-writer; there are extant only thirty-two of his letters as against more than half-a-dozen volumes by Wagner. Apart from Schober and Spaun, hardly any of Schubert's friends suspected what a great man he was. His diary was sold piecemeal by a mercenary dealer, and only a few leaves have been recovered. Under such circumstances the writing of a life of Schubert is a considerable literary feat, and an author cannot be blamed if he has little or nothing new to tell. Yet Mr. Duncan has succeeded in preparing an interesting and useful volume of 280 pages on this composer; the best, on the whole, in the English language, apart from Grove's long article in his 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' which, however, has never been issued separately, as he intended it should be.

The chief fault of Mr. Duncan's book is a curious habit of repeating biographic

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details or criticisms in different sections of it. For instance, Schubert's alleged infatuation with the Countess Esterhazy is discussed on pages 22, 48, and 98, yet the prosaic truth, as told in Friedländer's 'Beiträge zur Biographie Schubert's' and elsewhere is not revealed. Mandyczewski, the editor of the complete edition of Schubert's works, also fails to get the consideration due him. Nor are the best two German books on Schubert (Heuberger's, and Riggli's, Reclam edition) mentioned in the Bibliography, though it takes up ten pages and is in some respects excellent. It also fails to mention important contributions to the Schubert literature printed in America: Dvorák's essay in the *Century Magazine*, for example, which Sir George Grove pronounced the best article on that composer ever written. Were it not for the author's name, one might suspect him of being a German professor: some of his best and most important things are printed in footnote type in the Bibliography, where they do not belong. Under Kreissle von Hellborn he digresses to Grove and then subdigresses, to the extent of a page, on the subject of Schubert's counterpoint. What he says is admirable. Whereas even Grove had declared Schubert to be deficient in counterpoint, Mr. Duncan says quite truly (here he would have found Dvorák agreeing with him) that he "was one of the greatest contrapuntists who ever lived. He could *inspire* his counterpoint, as old Sebastian Bach knew so well how to do." He was admittedly one of the greatest quartet writers, and "no quartet writer, to be successful, can be deficient in counterpoint."

Mr. Duncan is at his best in discussing the poetic side of Schubert's songs; he has something new to say regarding the important and much neglected subject of translations, calling the attention of publishers, among other things, to Coleridge's wonderful version of "Des Mädchens Klage," which, to be sure, comprises only the first two stanzas. There are eight portraits and facsimiles in this volume, but the best thing in it is what the author says on the "Unfinished" Symphony. It may be questioned, he says, whether the impression conveyed by this title (which, of course, was not Schubert's) "is realized to any extent by the hearer of this symphony. The unity of the four-movement type of symphony (or sonata) is probably an illusion of habit, which works like Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (Op. 90) or that in F sharp (Op. 78)—another two-movement sonata—were intended to illustrate."

Wild Wings: Adventures of a Camera-Hunter among the Larger Wild Birds of North America on Sea and Land. By Herbert Keightley Job. With an introductory letter by Theodore Roosevelt. With 160 illustrations after photographs from life by the Author. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo, pp. xxviii., 341. 1905.

Birds by Land and Sea. By John Maclair Boraston. John Lane. 8vo, pp. xvi., 282. 1905.

For years the Rev. H. K. Job of Kent, Conn., has devoted his annual vacations to hunting with a camera. In his quest for the larger game, he has travelled over almost all the Atlantic Coast, from the Florida Keys to Labrador, as well as inland, visiting many unfrequented and out-of-the-way places. On these expeditions he has met with numerous interesting episodes, and appears to have enjoyed exceptional opportunities to study the life habits and to secure photographs of the domestic affairs of many rare and little-known birds. In his 'Wild Wings' he gives an account of the birds he has met, and pictures the luck he has experienced as a camera-hunter. Of the sport itself, he says:

"Of all the various outdoor recreations which I have tried, when it comes to genuine, exciting sport give me hunting with the camera. In past years I have tried shooting and collecting, but this new hunting entirely outclasses them. It requires more skill than shooting, and hence is a finer sport. The results are of more interest and value, and, withal, the lives of the wild creatures are spared for our further pleasure."

The book is divided into five parts, each of which consists of a number of chapters or sketches. Most of these have appeared before as magazine articles, but have been somewhat expanded and more fully illustrated in the reissue. Part I., "Adventuring in Florida," embraces the following five chapters: Cities of the Brown Pelican; Following Audubon among the Florida Keys; In the Cape Sable Wilderness; The Great Cuthbert Rookery; On Lonely Bird Key. These give one an idea of the wealth of the sub-tropical avifauna, and are illustrated by a fine harvest of photographs, showing home-life views of such birds as the Roseate Spoonbill, American and Snowy Egret, Ward's Little Blue and Louisiana Heron, White and Wood Ibis, Florida Cormorant, Man-o'-War Bird, the Noddy and Sooty Tern, etc., etc. Part II., "Other Wanderings South," consists of three chapters, treating of the Black and Turkey Vultures, the bird inhabitants of Smith's and Cobb's Islands and of the adjacent and intermediate Virginia marshes and sandspits, and the living Egret, with an account of the revolting manner in which this bird has been almost exterminated to supply the millinery trade with "aigrettes." Part III. has to do with the sea-birds inhabiting Bird Rock in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Seal Island off the southern coast of Nova Scotia; and records some sea trips off Cape Cod, Mass. In Part IV. divers experiences with a host of snipe and plovers in various localities, chiefly during migration time, are related; the nesting affairs of the Least Sandpipers, Wilson's Snipe, and Ring-necked Plover displayed, and the breeding of the Oyster-catcher, the Willet, and Wilson's Plover described. The East American birds of prey take possession of Part V., which involves the search for hawk's nests and adventures with owls.

Mr. Job supplies a most interesting series of illustrations, direct from life, showing the nesting habits, flight, and characteristic poses of many of our larger wild birds. His book should appeal to a large circle of readers, especially the ornithologist, the sportsman, and the nature-lover, as well as the omnipresent camera fiend.

Mr. Boraston records for us a year's study of birds "with field-glass and camera." His observations were made on "early morning, evening, and week-end rambles," in the vicinity of Stretford, near Manchester, England. A chapter is devoted to each month, under which the doings of the characteristic birds of the season are discussed. Beginning with September, the month of avian unrest, we are told by Mr. Boraston how the birds of his region, especially the swallows, prepare for their journey south; incidentally he calls attention to the various ideas entertained in the past regarding the autumnal disappearance of birds and bird migration. Month by month the arrivals, departures, and changes in the local fauna and their environment are considered. Mr. Boraston shows the gradual replacement of the summer birds by arrivals from the north during October, November, and December, and depicts graphically the struggle for existence of these winter sojourners. January starts the returning tide, which ends with busy May and June, the housekeeping days among the birds and the busiest time for the author's camera. The month of June was spent on the island of Anglesey and on Puffin Island, on each of which the author has bestowed a chapter. Here rock-bound shores furnish many of the sea-birds a nesting site, and the text and illustrations give one a graphic conception of the region and its winged inhabitants, as well as of the trials, tribulations, and pleasures which may be experienced by the bird student and bird photographer.

The seventy-two half-tone illustrations which are scattered through the volume speak well for the author's patience and skill with the camera. They represent adult, young, or homelike views of forty-two of the ninety species considered. Those portraying the Ringed Plover, Blue Tit, Song-Thrush, and Garden-Warbler are superb. The book is printed on a good quality of paper, bound in cloth, with a pleasing cover design in gold, representing a flight of swallows.

Ivories. By Alfred Maskell, F. S. A. (The Connoisseur's Library). London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905. Pp. xiii., 443.

This large volume is printed on excellent laid paper of old-fashioned look, light and fine, so that the book is not heavy in the hand, although there are 88 inserted plates. The photographic reproductions are not of the usual half-tone sort; they are apparently produced by the gelatine process in some of its forms, and for this purpose the thickly coated paper has not been required. The pictures are printed in very light or pale color, probably with deliberate purpose, to give the appearance of ivory or bone; but they are sufficiently clear, and, in most cases, the relief is marked in an adequate fashion. There is, of course, a failure in minute details. A different process would be required to give perfectly the most delicate parts of a Chinese pierced pattern or a Byzantine relief. There are hundreds of objects shown in the plates, and a number of them are certainly intelligible enough to him who will look with understanding eyes.

The preface states that the author has made his references, "as far as possible, to objects which are easily accessible and may be seen in our great national collections—the South Kensington Museum, the British Museum, the Mayer Collection at Liverpool, and the Wallace Collection." In this, too, the author doubtless consulted his own convenience (for it would

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be an endless trouble to go about Europe making photographs), as well as that of the few students of his book who will *follow up his examples and verify his statements* in the museums of Great Britain. Neither is there any complaint to be made; for, indeed, every needed quality and peculiarity of minute sculpture, in ivory, in bone, in hardwood, and the like, is set forth in these plates. The ivory-covered chair at Ravenna is given, and also the throne of Ivan III. in the Kremlin, and the "Chair of St. Peter" at Rome; so that in these cases at least a photograph was brought from foreign parts. The painted statuette of the Virgin (*Vierge ouvrante*), of the Louvre, and the similar statuette called the Boubon Virgin, now in private hands, are given, so that this peculiar form of mediæval religious *mobilier* is sufficiently shown. If the magnificent statuette of Villeneuve-lez-Avignon is not given, a not dissimilar group, "Madonna and Child," in the British Museum, is selected; and it may be thought that the special beauty of the French piece is in its wonderful painting and gilding, which is only a secondary quality in dealing with carved ivories. An enthusiast would certainly be gratified by a larger selection from such an extraordinary display as was made in Paris in 1900. Consular diptychs, early mediæval book covers, fourteenth-century tables and shrines and tabernacles—it is hard to draw the line and decide by which name to call these pieces—heads of croziers and archbishops' staves, tankards and the doors of cabinets of the seventeenth century; and from the Far East a few of the Japanese netsukes and a Chinese hollow ball,

"Laborious Orient ivory sphere in sphere"—

all these are to be found in this collection.

The enthusiastic student will be more vexed by the scarcity of the quite modern ivories of Dieppe, perhaps, than by any other shortcoming. Mr. Maskell seems to be aware that English collections are without sufficient representation of post-Renaissance ivories, for he says as much in connection with the Dieppe work; but, indeed, it is a constant annoyance in these English handbooks that the local Continental schools are so generally disregarded. And then, of course, in order to make a really adequate encyclopædia of ivory-carving, of minute sculptures of any kind, one would have to devote much time to travel from town to town throughout France, and perhaps with not less inducement to the more important towns of Germany; while as for Spain, we all know by rumor and by inference how rich the convents and the churches must be. In fact, the museums alone do not show all that there is, and the priest of many a small parish church must be persuaded to unlock the sacristy and open his armoires and his cope chests before the student will have satisfied himself and will feel sure that there are not many realms left to conquer. The clergyman brought from his home or kept from his *déjeuner* in this fashion is always gracious if you contribute something handsome to his poor-box—if your hopes have been realized.

The text being not very systematic, and the index inadequate, this book will never be very convenient for reference. It is one to read rather than to refer to; and, unfortunately, it is a little too long-winded to be read with comfort. There are remarks, too, which are curiously uncalled for, and some suggest a not very practised eye, or eye and mind. The author seems a little too much surprised by some of the things he has discovered and described, and a little too indifferent to others. While our praise, therefore, cannot be very hearty, this still remains the largest book of the sort, with the most complete display of pictures.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Modern Mystic's Way. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Amram, David W. Leading Cases in the Bible. Philadelphia: Julius H. Greenstone.

Bassett, Mary E. Stone. The Little Green Door: A Novel. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50.

Cameron, Prof. A. G. Selections from Zola. Henry Holt & Co. 80c. net.

De Hostos, Eugenie M. Tratado de Sociología. Madrid: Bailly-Bailliere é hijos.

Ellis & Spedding. The Philosophical Works of Francis Bacon. Edited by John M. Robertson. London: Routledge: New York: Dutton. $2.

Fortune, T. T. Dreams of Life. Fortune & Peterson.

Gulick, Rev. John T. Evolution, Racial and Habitudinal. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Hall, Charles C. Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience. (Barows Lectures 1902-3.) Chicago: University Press.

Leveson Gower, Hon. F. Bygone Years. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Milyoukov, Paul. Russia and its Crisis. (Crane Lectures.) Chicago University Press. $3.20.

Neville, James J. Letters of a Self-Made President. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. $1.

Reich, Emil. Select Documents Illustrating Mediæval and Modern History. London: P. S. King & Son.

Reid, G. Archdall. The Principles of Heredity. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Savage, Rev. Minot J. America to England, and Other Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

Scott, Rev. Joseph John. The Life of Christ. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Sharpe, Reginald R. Calendar of Letter-Books of the Corporation of the City of London. Letter-Book G, circa 1352-1374. London.

Steindorff, Prof. Georg. Religion of the Ancient Egyptians. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Taylor, B. L., and W. C. Gibson. The Log of the Water Wagon. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.

The Muses' Library: Adelaide Anne Procter's Legends and Lyrics.—Coventry Patmore's Angel in the House.—Keats's Poems, 2 vols., edited by G. Thorn Drury.—Andrew Marvell's Poems and Satires, 2 vols., edited by G. A. Aitken.—Johnson's, Goldsmith's, Gray's and Collins's Poems, edited by Col. T. M. Ward.—Thomas Carew's Poems, edited by Arthur Vincent.—Herrick's Poems, 2 vols., edited by Alfred Pollard.—Poe's Poems.—Gay's Poems, 2 vols., edited by John Underhill.—Henry Vaughan's Poems, 2 vols., edited by E. K. Chambers.—Drummond of Hawthornden's Poems, 2 vols., edited by Wm. C. Ward.—Donne's Poems, edited by E. K. Chambers.—Coleridge's Poems, edited by Richard Garnett.—William Browne's Poems, 2 vols., edited by Gordon Goodwin.—William Blake's Poems, edited by W. B. Yeats.—Waller's Poems, 2 vols., edited by G. Thorn Drury. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton.

Ular, Alexander. Russia from Within. Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

Vardon, H. The Complete Golfer. London: Methuen; New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Vilmorin-Andrieux, MM. The Vegetable Garden. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50 net.

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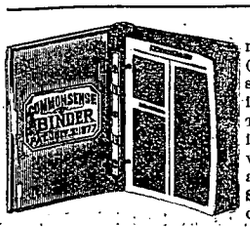

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